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From Mrs Duncan

To dear little Fannie

Provo Dec 25<sup>th</sup> 1848



George Elliott Hamilton

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STORY OF LITTLE JOHN  
FROM THE FRENCH OF  
*M. Charles Jeannel*





THE STORY OF  
  
LITTLE-JOHN.

BY  
  
M. CHARLES JEANNEL,  
  
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF POITIERS

“My little children, love one another.”—ST. JOHN, c. 18.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY F. G. SKINNER.

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DEDICATION  
TO  
AMERICAN MOTHERS.

---

THE volume here presented is respectfully recommended for your own use, in the education of your children at the critical age when the mind is most susceptible of lasting impressions, and when the character, as it may be said, is taking its bent for life.

Happy and fortunate for them, they are yet generally under the care and vigilance of the mother, to whom every benevolent heart will desire to give all possible "aid and comfort" in the performance of an office the most important for the well-being of society!

Under the simple title of **LITTLE-JOHN**, a foundling, this work has been so prepared, by a scholar of eminent learning and piety, in reference both to style and topics as that, while your children are learning to read even at the tenderest age, their minds will be impressed with useful knowledge, and the soundest principles of morality and virtue.

With these true objects of a sound education constantly in view, the accomplished author has employed original fables to amuse, and biographical sketches, drawn chiefly from Scripture, of men and women distinguished for wisdom and piety.

The work was originally published only last year, and being sent to me from Paris, has been translated by my son, F. G. SKINNER, at my suggestion, for the benefit of his own children; and is now offered to all American mothers, in the persuasion of its remarkable adaptation to the ends, and to children of the age here mentioned.

In that belief I humbly venture to recommend to you the story of LITTLE-JOHN, as peculiarly fitted at once to amuse and instruct—"to wake the genius and to mend the heart."

F. S. SKINNER.

## CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I.—Discovery of Little-John.....	9
II.—Early Education of Little-John.....	12
III.—A Quarrel .....	14
IV.—History of Joseph.....	16
V.—Bread.....	24
VI.—Dreams .....	29
VII.—History of Moses .....	32
VIII.—Labor.....	37
IX.—The Crow and the Cat-Bird— <i>Fable</i> .....	38
X.—The Farmer and his Children— <i>Fable</i> .....	41
XI.—Story of Ruth .....	42
XII.—Alms .....	46
XIII.—Theft .....	49
XIV.—Uncle Tom .....	53
XV.—The Mill.....	54
XVI.—The Respect due to Old Age.....	57
XVII.—The Blind Man's Stick.....	60
XVIII.—Story of David.....	62
XIX.—The Sabbath .....	66
XX.—Story of Joash.....	67
XXI.—The Swallow's Nest .....	71
XXII.—Houses .....	78
XXIII.—Ghosts .....	83
XXIV.—Story of Tobit.....	87
XXV.—Filial Piety .....	94
XXVI.—Iron .....	96
XXVII.—The Lamb .....	100
XXVIII.—Rain .....	102
XXIX.—The Burnt-House .....	106
XXX.—Christmas .....	111
XXXI.—Snow.....	115

---

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
XXXII.—The Fagot of Wood .....	120
Story of Naboth .....	122
XXXIII.—The Half-Dollar .....	125
Story of Ananias and Sapphira .....	127
XXXIV.—Story of Eleazer .....	131
XXXV.—Clothing .....	133
XXXVI.—The Fight .....	138
XXXVII.—The Maccabees .....	142
XXXVIII.—General Washington .....	149
XXXIX.—Sailing in a Boat .....	153
XL.—The Sun .....	155
XLI.—The Storm .....	169
XLII.—Thunder .....	173
XLIII.—The Conflagration .....	177
XLIV.—Water .....	181
XLV.—Insects .....	184
XLVI.—Benjamin Franklin .....	191
XLVII.—Death of Margaret .....	194
XLVIII.—End of Little-John's History .....	197

## LITTLE-JOHN.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### DISCOVERY OF LITTLE-JOHN.

LITTLE Louisa went out one morning very early to get some milk at a farmer's house that was near the village. Louisa was an obedient child, and when her grandmother told her to do any thing, she not only did it cheerfully and quietly, but as well as she knew how. As the good Margaret the day before had told her to go very early for the milk, she had gotten up before the sun, had dressed herself all alone, and had slipped out very quietly, for fear of disturbing the good old woman, who was still asleep.

The weather was fine, the sky was blue, and the air sweet and fresh ; the rising sun was just gilding the spire of the village church, and the tops of the tallest trees. Louisa was skipping joyously upon the flowering grass, carrying in her hand a tin bucket which she always kept scoured as bright as silver. All at once, as she passed the church door, she remembered that she had not said her prayers.

She knew that it was wrong ever to commence the day without first praying to God ; God, that kind indulgent father, who takes care of us and gives us every thing that we require. She knew, too, that God loves little children that pray with all their hearts ; that he watches over and protects them night and day ; and that he blesses their parents on their account. She turned aside then into the graveyard, and kneeling beneath a tree, said her prayers aloud, pronouncing each word distinctly, as her grandmother had taught her. As she was rising from her knees, she heard quite near her a low cry : she turned, and perceived something white, partly concealed by the branches of a weeping-willow. Stepping to the spot, and putting aside the high weeds, she was surprised to see a little child lying in a basket. The poor little fellow had just awoke, and was crying for his mother. Louisa felt his little hands—they were very cold ; and his frock was damp with dew. When, however, he saw Louisa's pretty little face near him, he ceased crying, and stretched out his little hands to her.

“ Poor little fellow,” said she, “ where is your mother ? ”

But the child could not answer her. All he could say was, “ Ma ! ma ! ” and two or three other words that Louisa could not understand. She tried to lift him up—he was very heavy ; she succeeded, however, in getting him out of the basket, and with a good





deal of trouble carried him to her grandmother's cottage, that was not far from the church.

Margaret was very much astonished to see the little fellow. She took off his wet clothes, and wrapped him up in a warm blanket, and gave him some breakfast ; then she went all over the village to endeavor to find out whose child he was, but she could learn nothing about him ; whereupon she returned home, and said to her grand-daughter—

“Louisa, this is a brother that God has sent you. As the poor child's parents cannot be found, it seems to be God's will that we should take care of him. I was already an old and infirm woman, when your poor mother died, and you were but a few months old. I thought that I never should be able to take care of you, and to labor for your support and my own ; but with God's help I succeeded. Now you are quite a tall girl ; you will help me to take care of this poor orphan, and heaven will bless us for his sake.”

Little Louisa was delighted, and commenced at once to call the child her dear little brother.

Old Margaret had him christened LITTLE-JOHN, after a son of hers that she had lost.

## CHAPTER II.

## EARLY EDUCATION OF LITTLE-JOHN.

LITTLE-JOHN was reared in Margaret's cottage. Louisa nursed him like a kind and affectionate sister. At bedtime she sat near his cradle, and sang him to sleep. When he was awake, she had a thousand little ways of amusing him: when he cried, she knew how to quiet him; when she had cake or fruit, she shared it with him. She taught him not only to stand alone, and to walk, but every thing else that a child of his age could learn. The little fellow grew apace, and was healthy, robust, and very intelligent for his age. He was as gay and lively as a little bird, fond of talking, and constantly asking questions about things that he did not understand. When spring came, Little-John was delighted: the green landscape, the flowers, the trees covered with young leaves, the singing birds, the clear sky, the brilliant sun, every thing seemed new, and filled him with ardor and gayety. He ran about the fields, and jumped and rolled upon the grass like the little lambs that let him come close to them without being frightened; he gathered beautiful flowers, that he tied in bunches for Louisa and her grandmother, and then he would ask questions without end: "Who made the sun? what is it good for? who made the sheep, the trees, the birds? why is there so much



grass in the fields?" and a hundred other such questions. The good old Margaret would reply to him—"My child, God made all these things: the sun, the earth, the woods, the meadows, the mountains, the trees, all the plants, all the animals, all are his works. He made ourselves, and the other things for us. The sun gives us light and warms us; the earth produces all the plants that we eat, and that the animals eat. The animals themselves are useful to us in many ways. A great many are valuable either as food or on account of their skins and furs. As to us, God gave us our bodies: he himself made our limbs, our hands, our eyes, our mouths, our feet; but with this he gave us a soul that thinks, which he did not do for any other creature. This soul is capable of knowing

God, of loving and adoring him ; and it is for this that he created us. So most of the things that are in the world were created for us ; but we were created for God.”

When Little-John heard all this, he loved our Heavenly Father with all his heart. He learned to say his prayers, and to thank God each day, for all the good things that he had given us ; and whenever he was doing any thing wrong, they had but to tell him that it was displeasing to God, and he stopped immediately.

Little Louisa told him that God loved children that were good, and obedient to their parents. Ever after he did all he could to please old Margaret, and even tried to guess what she wished, that he might do it before she asked him.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A QUARREL.

THOUGH Little-John tried to be a good boy, he had some faults. He was passionate—too quick to anger ; and when he met a little boy that he did not like, he was very apt to quarrel with and fight him.

One day his grandmother sent him to a neighbor's with a basket of apples. As he was going along he

met a bad boy, who struck him, and knocked the basket of apples over into the mud. As the boy was twice as strong as John, and twice as old, John ran home, but he was furious. He walked up and down the room, doubling his fists, and saying, “I won’t always be small: I’ll grow big! I’ll let the rascal see! I’ll pay him for it!”

Louisa, when she understood what was the matter, took his hand, and said to him in her mild voice—

“ Little-John, we must not revenge ourselves; did you not hear grandma Margaret say, that we must always return good for evil?”

“ But,” replied Little-John, “ what did he hit me first for? I was not troubling him. Never mind, when I get big I’ll pay him for it!”

“ Don’t talk so, John,” said Louisa, trying to console him; “ because that boy behaved badly, must you do so too? Don’t you know that God will punish the wicked, and that he will reward us if we are good? Don’t do as the wicked do, for there is never any pleasure in doing wrong. Remember how happy you were the day you gave your breakfast to that poor boy, whose mother had no bread to give him; do you think you would have been any happier if you had beaten the worst boy in the village?”

Little-John did not say any thing, but he still pouted, and looked vexed.

“ Come and sit down here,” added Louisa; “ while I am at work I will tell you a pretty story.”

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As Little-John was very fond of stories, he made haste to take a seat, and she commenced the story of Joseph.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

“ THERE was a good old man named Jacob ; he had twelve children ; the youngest was named Benjamin, and the next to the youngest, Joseph. This little Joseph was so gentle, so good, and so obedient, that his father loved him very dearly, and gave him a beautiful coat of many colors. His brothers, who were very wicked, became jealous of him. One day Joseph saw them doing something wrong, and told his father of it : he reproved them for it, but instead of minding what their father told them, they got very angry with Joseph.

“ One day his father said to him, ‘ My son, your brothers are a long way off in the fields minding the flocks, you must go and see how they all come on.’ As Joseph was very obedient, he set out immediately to do what his father told him. As soon as his brothers saw him coming, they said to each other, ‘ There is Joseph coming, let us kill him.’ But one of them, not so wicked as the others, and who wanted to save him,

said to them, ‘Don’t let us kill him, we had better throw him in that deep hole yonder.’ All the brothers agreed to it, and accordingly seized Joseph, took off his coat, and threw him into a deep hole half full of mud and water. After that they began to eat, and while they were eating, they saw some merchants going by, who bought and sold slaves. They then pulled Joseph out of the hole in which they had thrown him, and sold him to the slave-dealers. They next killed a kid, sprinkled the blood all over Joseph’s coat, and sent it to their father with a message, stating that they had found the coat all bloody, and inquiring if it did not belong to Joseph. As soon as Jacob saw the coat he recognised it, and threw himself down, crying out, all in tears, ‘My poor Joseph ! some cruel wild beast has devoured my son !’ and poor old Jacob mourned for his son for a long time, thinking he was dead.

“In the mean time, the merchants that had bought Joseph carried him away to a country very far off, called Egypt. There they sold him to a great man of the country, named Potiphar. This man took a great liking to Joseph, and made him his head servant, putting him over all the others ; but Potiphar’s wife was a very bad woman, and told her husband so many stories on Joseph, that the poor fellow was put in prison. Joseph was very unhappy—far away from home, having neither relations nor friends to console him ; but his father had taught him to pray to God, and he knew that God always hears those of his children that call

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on him in affliction. So Joseph put his trust in God, and God descended into his prison and comforted him.

“God caused the jailer to love Joseph, and he employed him in carrying the prisoners their food. It happened that among them were two officers of the king of Egypt, whom Joseph visited as he did the others. One morning he found them sorrowful, because they had had dreams in the night that made them very uneasy. God enabled Joseph to tell them what these dreams meant. He told one of them that he would soon be put to death, and the other that the king would pardon him, and let him out of prison in three days ; and it happened just as he had told them.

“Some time after this the king of Egypt, who was named Pharaoh, had a strange dream himself, that nobody could explain. The officer who had been in jail with Joseph then thought of his dream, spoke to the king about it, and the king ordered Joseph to be brought before him. Joseph was accordingly taken out of prison, dressed in a suit of fine clothes, and appeared before the king. God again enabled him to understand the meaning of the king’s dream. He told the king that for seven years there would be a great deal more grain raised than would be used ; and that for the next seven the harvest would fail entirely, and the people be in great danger of starving. Pharaoh asked him if there would be no means of preventing this misfortune ? Joseph replied : ‘Choose,

O King, a wise and prudent man ; give him great authority throughout your whole kingdom, so that he may be able during the seven years of abundance to collect and put away sufficient grain to feed the people during the seven years of scarcity.' The king thought Joseph's advice very good, and said to him, 'You yourself are that wise and prudent man, and I choose you to rule my people ;' at the same time he took off his gold ring, put it on Joseph's finger, and made him sit on a throne near his own ; and he gave Joseph a fine house, servants to wait on him, horses, carriages, and all kinds of riches, and he became the greatest man in Egypt next to the king.

"Joseph ordered granaries and storehouses to be built, and for seven years laid in enormous supplies of grain. At the end of this time the corn and wheat crops began to fail, not only in Egypt, but throughout the whole world. Jacob having no longer any bread to feed his children, called them to him, and said : 'I have heard that there is in Egypt a very wise and a very powerful governor, who has a great quantity of grain for sale ; get ready, my children, go to this man, and buy as much as we are in need of.'

"Jacob's sons all set out for Egypt ; and when they got there, they appeared before Joseph, who was so much changed since his brothers had seen him that they did not know him ; but Joseph knew them at once : he said nothing, however, for he wanted to know what had become of his father and his little

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brother Benjamin, and he wanted also to know, if his brothers were as wicked as ever.

“He pretended to take them for bad people with evil intentions ; he spoke to them with severity, and threatened to put them in prison. Jacob’s children were very much frightened. They said to each other, in their own language, which they thought no one about them understood, ‘God is punishing us now for the wrong we did our brother Joseph. Do you remember how cruel we were, when he begged us with tears in his eyes not to sell him, and we would not listen to him ? Now God will refuse to hear our prayers.’ Joseph hearing them talk in this manner, could not help crying, and went out to hide his tears. He had them put in jail for three days : he then told them to return to their father’s, and that he would still keep one of them a prisoner until they returned to him with their youngest brother ; at the same time he ordered his people to let them have the grain they came for, but to conceal the money that they paid for it in their bags. He gave them also provisions for their journey, and they set out on their return. When they got home they found their money in their bags with the grain. ‘My children,’ said Jacob, ‘there seems to be some mistake about this money ; you must take great care of it, and return it to the governor of Egypt, for it is his, and not ours.’ Then his children told him all that had happened to them, and when he understood that one of them had been detained until they

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took back Benjamin, he was very much grieved, saying, that Joseph was dead, Simeon a prisoner, and that now they wanted to take away Benjamin ; that they wished to deprive him of all his children. For some time he would not let Benjamin go, for fear of his meeting with some accident.

“ However, after awhile bread began to get scarce again, and his sons begged so earnestly to let Benjamin go with them, that he at last consented, on their promising to take great care of him.

“ The first thing they did, on their arrival in Egypt, was to return the money that they had found in their bags ; but Joseph’s officers would not take it back. They then presented themselves to Joseph. As soon as he saw his little brother Benjamin, he felt his heart moved, and had to withdraw to conceal his tears. He had a fine dinner prepared for his brothers, but Benjamin had five times as many good things as the others. After that, he ordered the officers to give them the grain, and to do with the money just as they had done before ; and he told them to take his cup, without saying any thing about it, and put it in Benjamin’s bag. This cup was one of the most beautiful goblets ever seen—made of silver and gold—that Joseph was in the habit of using himself.

“ They were no sooner gone than the officers pursued, overtook, and accused them of robbing their master. Jacob’s sons replied : ‘ We have not been guilty of so mean an action. Look for yourselves, search our

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things, and if you find that one of us is guilty, you may kill him, and make us slaves.' The officers soon found the cup in Benjamin's wallet. They carried him off immediately; and his brothers, very much surprised and deeply afflicted, returned with him to the governor's.

"As soon as they saw Joseph, they threw themselves at his feet, saying: 'We implore you not to do any harm to that child. Do not put him in prison, for should we return to our country without him, our poor old father would die of sorrow.' One of them, particularly, named Juda, cried out: 'Take me—let me die in his place, for our father confided him to my care.' Joseph, hearing them talk in this way, could no longer conceal himself. Deeply moved, he cried out: 'I am Joseph: is my father still alive?' At these words the brothers were seized with astonishment and fright, thinking that he was about to put them to death. But Joseph stretched out his arms to them, and said, in a mild voice, 'Come, fear nothing—I forgive you;' and he kissed them all with great tenderness. He calmed and consoled them, and promised to do them all the good in his power.

"When old Jacob learned that his son Joseph was still alive, he would not believe it; but when he saw the presents that had been given to his sons, and the carriages and horses that had been sent to bring him and all his household, he turned his heart to God, and thanked him for allowing him to live to enjoy so much

happiness ; and when he arrived in Egypt, he was near dying of joy in embracing his son Joseph.

“ The king of Egypt gave Jacob a splendid estate, and Joseph continued to do good to his brothers as long as he lived.

“ You see, Little-John,” said Louisa, as she ended her story, “ though all this happened more than three thousand years ago, people still talk of Joseph, and how good and generous he was in thus forgiving his wicked brothers. Do you think he would have deserved as much praise if he had revenged himself on them, and had done them as much harm as they did him ? And do you not feel how happy Joseph must have been when he kissed his brothers, and saw them so sorry for what they had done ? ” Little-John agreed with her, and thought Joseph’s a beautiful story, and then he asked her a great many questions about it.

## CHAPTER V.

## BREAD.

THE same evening, when old Margaret had seated herself at the spinning-wheel, and Louisa had taken up her sewing, Little-John, after playing about, took a seat near his grandmother, and they had the following conversation.

*Little-John.* That is a very pretty story, grandma, about Joseph; but there is one thing in it I don't understand; it seems to me that instead of grain, Jacob ought to have taken bread, for we don't eat grain, we eat bread.

*Margaret.* Tell me, Little-John, what do they make bread of?

*Little-John.* Bread! why, the baker makes bread.

*Margaret.* I don't ask you who makes bread, but what it is made of.

*Little-John.* Now, indeed, grandma, I don't know, for I have never thought about it; I suppose though it must be with grain, as Jacob sent to buy grain during the famine; but please tell me how it is made, for if a stranger were to ask me, I should be ashamed not to know.

*Margaret.* You would have reason to be ashamed, my child; there are some things that we ought to learn of ourselves, merely by reflecting upon what we see,

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and to be ignorant of such things shows that we do not think. This time, however, I will aid you to find out how bread is made. You have seen ploughs in the field—large pieces of iron with a long piece of wood on the top, and handles to it; the iron is called the mould-board, and the long piece of wood, the beam; the plough is drawn by horses or oxen hitched to the end of the beam, and guided by the ploughman holding the handles.

*Little-John.* Yes, grandma, I have often seen ploughs, but I never thought of looking to see how they were made. I have often amused myself, sitting on the fence, looking at the ploughman going backwards and forwards through the field, turning up the earth, but I never thought much about it.

*Margaret.* With the plough we stir the earth and turn it up to the air and light, for without these, it would scarcely produce any thing; and it is only after having worked it several times and covered it with manure, that a field can become fertile; for man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. When the earth has been well worked and well manured, the seed is sown upon it and covered up by means of a large rake, drawn by horses, called a harrow. Then, John, a wonderful thing occurs, which is the work of God alone, and which the wisest men know little more about than we do; by means of the heat and moisture this seed, covered with earth, soon swells and gets soft. In eight or ten days it bursts, and a small root

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descends into the earth and a small stalk comes up at the surface. The seed does not rot, as one would suppose. As it softens, it changes into a juice which is the first food, the milk as it were, of the young plant. After, as the plant becomes stronger, it finds in the earth and the air the food that it requires. The spring rains make it grow very rapidly—the earth is then covered with verdure; but as the heat of the sun increases, the stalks turn yellow, each grain produces one or more heads, which in some become of a beautiful golden color, as you have seen it in the fields at harvest. Each head contains thirty, forty, fifty, or more grains, so that by sowing a bushel of seed, we may sometimes gather twenty, thirty, forty, fifty bushels. But as a great deal of the seed is often devoured by birds and insects, we should be satisfied to gather twenty or thirty times as much as we sow. Thus you see, Little-John, God's providence provides for our subsistence. Would we not be very ungrateful did we not every morning and evening pray, and return thanks to that good Father who watches every moment over our harvests, without which we should miserably perish with want and hunger?

*Little-John.* Oh! I will never forget to ask the good God, when I say my prayers, to give us good harvests. Now, grandma, tell me how they make bread with the wheat?

*Margaret.* After they have threshed the grain out, and separated it from the straw, as you have seen



them do in the barn, they carry it to the mill to be crushed and reduced to flour. They then wet this flour with water, to make it into dough; when the dough is well worked, they put a little yeast into it, and then make it into the shape they wish the bread to be.

*Little-John.* But I don't know what yeast is.

*Margaret.* It is generally dough which becomes sour after keeping it several days. The yeast makes the dough rise; that is to say, it fills it with a multitude of little holes or bubbles which prevent the bread from becoming heavy and solid, for then it would be difficult to bake and digest.

*Little-John.* How can yeast make all these little bubbles ?

*Margaret.* That is a thing, my child, that you are almost too young to understand. I have been told that the yeast gives out in the dough a small quantity of a certain kind of air which lifts the dough up, and puffs it out without being strong enough to escape altogether. When the dough is puffed out in this way, or risen, as the bakers call it, it is put into the oven, and by means of heat is baked until done.

*Little-John.* Thank you, grandma. I know now how bread is made ; but, if it is not too late, I want to ask you another thing. You told me that they carried the wheat to mill to crush it, and make it into flour. Every time I go down to the brook, and see the mill, I am very curious to know what it is that makes such a noise ; it is very amusing, too, to see the big wheel turning and the water splashing over it, but I have always been afraid to go in and see the works inside.

*Margaret.* I will explain all that to you, my child ; but it is time now to say our prayers, and go to bed : there is a time for all things. So we will talk about the mill another time. There is old Uncle Tom : he and the miller are great friends. Ask him to take you to the mill ; on the spot you will learn more about it in five minutes than I could tell you in an hour.

## CHAPTER VI.

## DREAMS.

THEY often talked in Margaret's cottage of the history of Joseph, and the good grandmother made her children observe how hateful a vice jealousy was, as it urged men to commit such horrible crimes as Joseph's brothers were guilty of. Whereupon the conversation commenced.

*Little-John.* As Joseph was determined to pardon his brothers, why was he so long about it? Why did he frighten them so by pretending that little Benjamin had robbed him?

*Louisa.* Don't you see, Little-John, that he wanted to try them, to see if they were as wicked as ever. When he saw them begging on their knees to die in Benjamin's stead, he knew at once that they were changed, and he discovered himself to them.—But, grandma, tell me one thing, if you please; you remember that two of the king's officers had dreams that foretold what was to happen to them; why then did you laugh the other day at poor Maria, who was so sad because she had dreamt of a wedding? She said it was a sure sign of death, and you said, "Fie, Maria, don't talk such nonsense; dreams have no meaning;" yet you see that that of Pharaoh meant something.

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*Margaret.* My child, God wished to reward Joseph's fidelity and patience, and he wished to prove to him that he never abandons those who pray to him sincerely, and put their trust in him ; therefore he sent these dreams to Pharaoh and his officers, and he enabled Joseph to interpret them. It is a means that God has sometimes used ; but generally dreams are insignificant, none but the ignorant ever seek to interpret them. Not only is it foolish, but it is wrong, for God has forbidden us to pry into the future.

“ Why has he forbidden it ? ” asked both children at once.

*Margaret.* My dear children, when God orders or forbids us do any thing, it is not for us to question it : we must always remember that he is wisdom itself, and that consequently he has always the best reasons for his commands, though we may not understand them. But I will tell you, if you wish, why he forbids our seeing into futurity ; it is because it would make us very unhappy.

*Louisa.* How could it render us unhappy ?

*Margaret.* Because we would no longer have the heart to strive for a good or to avoid an evil known beforehand ; a benefit that we know *must* come would be without enjoyment, while the fear of an evil, without any possible means of avoiding or putting it off, would greatly increase our suffering.

*Louisa.* But there are people who can tell what is to happen. Fortune-tellers, and those who interpret

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the cards ; these people, then, must make us unhappy ?

*Margaret.* No, my daughter ; God alone can see into futurity. Those who pretend to do so are impostors ; and what is more, they are rogues, for they take money from the credulous who consult them, without knowing more about the matter than they do.

*Louisa.* But Maria is not a liar ; well, she can tell when any misfortune is to happen to her. She told me that she broke her looking-glass just the day before her mother's house was burnt.

*Margaret.* You believe, then, that the house would not have taken fire if she had not broken her glass. If breaking any thing were to occasion such sad disasters, careless, clumsy people would be very much to be pitied. Fortunately it is not so. You are acquainted with the miller's niece, Jane ; she is a great deal more careless than you are, though much older. Well, scarcely a week passes without her breaking something, and she has already broken the beautiful looking-glass that her aunt brought her ; yet no accident has occurred to the mill or to the family.

*Louisa.* That is true, grandma ; but Maria says that there are many other things that are unlucky.

*Margaret.* Listen to me, my children. Maria is a good, honest girl ; we must esteem and not laugh at her ; but she is ignorant and simple, and you must take care how you believe all the tales she tells you. No, my children ; break glasses, upset the salt, sit

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thirteen at table, hear a raven croak, meet a hearse, and a hundred other things—none of them indicate evils to happen. What brings misfortune is, to offend God, and to do harm to our neighbors. There are people, too, who will not undertake to do any thing on a Friday, because they say it is an unlucky day; but the only unlucky days are those on which we do wrong. Be good, gentle, and virtuous, and there will be no such thing for you as unfortunate days, for God will bless you every day that you live.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### HISTORY OF MOSES.

SOME time after, Little-John, who was getting very fond of hearing tales related, begged Louisa to tell him another. She related the following:

“ You remember, Little-John, that Joseph’s brothers went to live in Egypt; they remained and died there. They had a great many children; these children in their turn had children, so that at the end of a hundred and fifty years they formed a great nation.

“ Joseph had been dead a great while, and there was another king in Egypt, a wicked man, who was much annoyed at seeing Joseph’s family becoming so numerous and powerful. This cruel king, to prevent it from

increasing still more, ordered all the little boys, as soon as they were born, to be thrown into a great river that runs through Egypt, called the Nile.

“As soon as this was known, all the mothers were in despair. In spite of their prayers and tears, their poor little children were torn from them and thrown into the Nile.

“There was a woman who had a little boy as beautiful as an angel, that she loved very dearly. She managed to conceal him for some time, but at last concealment was no longer possible. She knew that God never forsakes those that pray to him with all their hearts, and she implored him to save her child. She



then made a basket of rushes, put her little boy in it, and went with him herself, weeping bitterly all the way, and placed him on the edge of the water. She

had a daughter ten years of age, named Mary, whom she concealed near the basket to find out what would happen to her little brother. The poor woman returned home in great grief; but God watched over the basket, for he never abandons those that turn to him. He inspired the king's daughter with a wish to bathe that day. When she got to the river-shore, she perceived something at a distance floating upon the water. Sending one of her women to see what it was, she brought her the rush basket. She opened it, and seeing the poor little fellow lying in it, moved with compassion, she exclaimed: 'That child shall not perish—I will take him under my protection, and he shall be brought up as if he were my own son.' Mary, hearing this, slipped out from the place where she had concealed herself, and said to the princess: 'If you wish it, my lady, I will get you a nurse for that little baby.' The princess told her to do so. Then the little girl ran quickly for her mother, and brought her to the princess, who gave her the child to nurse, charging her to take the greatest care of it, and promising to pay her for it.

"Then the mother took home her child. Think how happy she was, and how heartily she thanked God for having restored her darling baby, and who had so arranged it that she could keep it now without fear of its being taken from her. As soon as he was old enough she restored him to the princess, who brought him up in her palace. They called him MOSES, which

means, saved from the waters. When you read your Bible, you will see what wonderful things God enabled Moses to perform, and what a great man he became."

Little-John was delighted with this story; his admiration of God's goodness and power was boundless, and he agreed with Louisa, that those who put their trust in him are very right.

"Do you know, Little-John," said his good sister, "that this history is very much like your own? I was very small when I found you, too, in a little basket. I felt, as soon as I saw you, that I should love you like a brother." At these words the little boy threw his arms around Louisa's neck and kissed her tenderly. Old Margaret, with a corner of her apron, wiped a tear from her wrinkled cheek. Then, taking each of her grandchildren by the hand, she drew them to her and said: "My children, I am very old, and I must soon die. There are two things that I recommend to you: the first is, never to forget God's goodness, and always to rely on him. You have only to observe what care he takes of all his creatures, and with how much love he watches over them. Yes," continued Margaret, "he tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, he causes the earth to bring forth beautiful flowers, and he takes care even of the smallest insects; how much more, then, must he care for human beings, made after his own image, who serve him and pray to him with all their hearts! Thus, my children, when you are unfortunate and very unhappy, always confide in your heav-

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only Father : if you are afflicted, he will console you ; if you are poor, he will give you all that is needful, provided you strive industriously to aid yourselves. You know that I love you, and that I grant all your reasonable desires if I can. God loves you more than father or mother, and he is all-powerful to hear your prayers and to give you that which is needful.

“ The second thing that I recommend to you, my dear children, is always to love and aid one another as much as you can. There is nothing so grateful to the heart as a friend to share our joys and our troubles ; our pleasures are then more enjoyable, our sorrows lighter, and our labor less heavy ; and where can one find a better friend than a brother or a sister ? And then there is nothing so agreeable to God as the friendship of brothers, and it is this union that he has particularly blessed ; and our Lord, while he was on this earth, often repeated to his disciples, ‘ My children, love one another.’ This, my dearest children, is all the advice I have to give you ; I hope you will think of it often when I am gone.”

When Margaret had done, the two children kissed her in silence, and in a way to let her see that they had understood and would certainly follow her advice.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LABOR.

LITTLE-JOHN thought that God was very kind to have created all things for our use ; but one day it came into his head that he had, with all this, given us a great deal of work to do. It seemed to him that the Lord, who is so powerful, and who can do what he chooses merely by a word, might have spared mankind all the labor of cultivating the earth, building houses, and making clothing. He inquired why houses were not found already built, and bread and clothes ready made. Old Margaret laughed.

“ Little-John,” said she, “ don’t you remember the history of Adam and Eve ? You learned in your Catechism that God placed them both in a beautiful garden, and that he gave them every thing in it but the fruit of a certain tree, which he forbade them to eat. You remember that Eve allowed herself to be tempted by the serpent ; that she ate the fruit ; and that she persuaded her husband to eat it also. Then God told them that they should die. He drove them out of Paradise, and condemned Adam to labor all his life, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. We are the children of Adam, and we are paying the penalty of his sin ; this is why we are obliged to work as we do. If we did not work, not only would we be

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unhappy and miserable for want of food, but we would be wicked indeed. My dear Little-John, remember as long as you live that idleness is the root of all evil ; that is to say, we fall into all kinds of wickedness when we are idle and lazy. It is a great truth ; and all sinners, rogues, and thieves begin by being lazy, idle children. It is true that God in his goodness maintains little children, the infirm, the aged, and all those who cannot work ; but he abandons to misery and want those who have not the heart and good-will to work ; and then, though he has condemned us to labor as a punishment for Adam's sin, he has promised to reward us if we work cheerfully in obedience to his commands. Listen, my child ; I remember a fable, which will perhaps amuse you.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CROW AND THE CATEBIRD.

“ THERE was a lazy man, who thought himself very good, because he passed his days in admiring God's works. He said, ‘ How great ! how powerful ! how good is God ! what care he takes of all his creatures ! He feeds the little birds and the insects : why should men labor ? Are they not superior to the animals that God provides for without their being obliged to work ?

I will not labor ; I will pass my time with praising and praying to God ; I will ask him to send me what I want, and I am sure he will do it.' Talking in this way, the man went to praying, after which he laid himself under a tree, and waited patiently for his din-



ner. The whole day passed in this manner without any thing happening. Towards sundown he saw a crow, with something in his bill, alight in the tree immediately over his head. In the top of the tree was a nest which contained a poor shivering little catbird, which could not fly, because its wings had not yet grown out. The little thing was almost dead with hunger, for some cruel boys had killed its parents. The crow fed it with what he had in his bill, and flew

away. When the man saw this, he cried out: 'Am I not right in praising God's bounty? That poor little bird would have died of hunger, if he had not sent the crow to feed it: surely, He who takes care of that little catbird will not forget me.' Whereupon he went to sleep. The next morning when he awoke he began to be very hungry, and he hoped soon to see his breakfast arrive. He waited again the whole day; the breakfast hour passed, and dinner-time, and nothing came. Only towards night the crow came, as it did the day before, and fed the young bird. The third day the man was all but dead, he was so hungry; he was very much astonished that God should have forgotten him; however, he went to his prayers, and waited the whole day again. Towards evening the crow came as usual to feed its little friend; but when it was done eating the crow said to it: 'Now, my little fellow, that your wings have grown strong enough, and that you can go yourself in search of food, you must not expect me to bring you any more. So, my dear, if hereafter you want any thing, you must look out for yourself. Do not forget this proverb—"Aid thyself and God will aid thee"—good-by;' and the crow flew away.

"The man now saw why it was that God had not listened to his prayers. He got up immediately, and went to seek work on a neighboring farm, where he went at it heartily to earn his livelihood."

*Little-John.* But, grandmother, do birds talk?





*Margaret.* No, my child ; did I not tell you that it was a fable I was about to relate ? Well, a fable is never true ; it is a tale imagined for our instruction, and from which we can always derive a good lesson. You know the difference between a true story, that really happened, and a tale invented to amuse children. The story of Joseph, that you are so fond of, is true ; but this little tale that I have told you is not.

*Louisa.* Grandma, I know a fable too ; if you choose, I will recite it.

*Margaret.* Do so, my daughter.

And the little girl commenced slowly and distinctly to relate the following fable :

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE FARMER AND HIS CHILDREN.

“ THERE was once upon a time a rich farmer who was about to die. He called all his children around his bed, and told every one else to leave the room. When they were alone, he said to them : ‘ My children, when I am dead and gone, you must not sell the farm, for there is a great treasure concealed in it. When the harvest is over, all you have to do is, to dig in the fields, and you will find something very valuable.’ After the death of their father, the children

went to work, and dug, and ploughed, and stirred the earth, in every direction. They found nothing ; but at the end of the year, as the earth had been thoroughly stirred and well worked, the grain was most abundant. Then the children understood that the labor and the pains that they had bestowed upon the land, was the treasure that their father meant."

Little-John thought this a beautiful fable, and learned it by heart.

One day the little boy remarked to his sister that she had been several days without telling him a story. Louisa, who was always happy to render any one a service, promised him a pretty story for the next day after dinner ; and when the time came she related the story of Ruth.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### STORY OF RUTH.

" You remember the story of Moses, do you not, John ? It was he who delivered the Hebrews from Egypt, and where Pharaoh's cruelty made them very wretched. He led them for forty years through a great wilderness, and conducted them finally to the entrance of the land of Canaan. This land of Canaan was a beautiful country that God had promised to bestow upon Jacob's children. After the death of Mo-

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ses, when the Hebrews had taken possession of the promised country, they were governed for three hundred years by judges or chiefs, whom God appointed to lead them in war and rule them in peace.

“ In those days a great famine occurred ; you know what that means—there was not enough of bread. A man called Elimelech had to leave his home in Bethlehem, and go to a country called the land of Moab, to seek a livelihood ; he was accompanied by his wife Naomi and her two sons. Shortly after they got there Elimelech died, and his two sons married two Moabitish women, named Orpha and Ruth.

“ At the end of ten years Elimelech’s sons died also ; and Naomi, remaining alone, and without protection, determined to return to her own country, because she had learned that (thanks to God) there was once more abundance of food there. She set out then, and her daughters-in-law started with her. But on the road Naomi said to them, ‘ My daughters, return to your parents ; I will pray the Lord to bless and prosper you.’ She then kissed them. Her daughters-in-law commenced crying, and insisted on going with her. ‘ No, my daughters,’ replied Naomi ; ‘ why should you accompany me ? You see how poor I am, and your poverty would only add to mine.’ When they heard this, the two daughters-in-law cried still more. At last, Orpha embraced her mother-in-law, and returned. But Ruth clung to Naomi, determined not to leave her ; and as Naomi still tried to persuade her to return

with her sister-in-law, she said, ‘Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God ; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried.’ Naomi seeing that Ruth was determined, ceased to oppose her. They travelled together, and arrived in Bethlehem towards the commencement of harvest. Ruth said to her mother-in-law : ‘If you will permit me, I will go and glean in the fields. Perhaps I may meet with some benevolent farmer who will be charitable.’ Naomi replied : ‘Go, my daughter.’ Ruth then went into a field, and commenced gleaning (or picking up the waste) behind the reapers. It so happened that the field belonged to Boaz, a very rich man, and a near relation of Elimelech.

“While Ruth was gleaning, Boaz came into the field to see how the hands were getting on : seeing Ruth, he inquired who she was. They told him that she was a poor Moabitish woman, who had returned to the neighborhood with Naomi. Then Boaz said to her : ‘Listen, my girl ; do not glean in any other fields than mine : join my girls, and follow the reapers. If you are thirsty, drink the water that is brought for my people, and when you are hungry, eat with them.’ Afterwards he added : ‘I have heard how well you behaved to your mother-in-law, and how you abandoned every thing to comfort her—may the Lord bless you for it !’

“Ruth thanked Boaz for his kindness, and when dinner-time came, took her seat with the other hands. They gave her food, and after eating as much as she wanted, she put the remainder away. She then went to work again, and gleaned until night: after having thrashed out the grain that she collected, she gave it, together with the remains of her dinner, to her mother-in-law. Naomi inquired where she had been at work. Ruth told her, and related how kind Boaz had been to her. Naomi said: ‘May the Lord bless him! I see that he retains for us the same friendship that he felt for my husband and my sons during their lifetime;’ and she added, ‘You would do well, my daughter, to glean in the same place until the harvest is over.’ Ruth followed her advice; and when the harvest was over, Naomi said to her: ‘My daughter, I have been thinking of your getting married. Boaz is our near relation; and it is the custom in our country when a man dies without leaving any children, for his nearest relation to marry his wife, in order that she may not be without a protector. Go, then, and find Boaz, and remind him that he is the nearest male relation of your deceased husband.’ Ruth did exactly as she was told, and God rewarded her obedience; for Boaz went to the city gate, and before all the people declared that he took Ruth for his wife. She became very rich, and very happy. She had a son called Obed, and Naomi took care of him, and nursed him with much tenderness; and the women of Bethlehem, when they saw

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her carrying her grandchild in her arms, blessed God that he had comforted her in her affliction. Obed founded the family of the kings of Juda, and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ descended from that family."

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## CHAPTER XII.

### ALMS.

WHEN Louisa finished the story of Ruth, she asked Little-John what he thought of it?

*Little-John.* I think that Ruth was a good girl, and that God did right to reward her.

*Louisa.* It is thus that God blesses good and respectful children, who serve their parents, who console them in misfortune, and who relieve them when in want ; but observe, that in this case the best reward was not in being made rich and happy, and getting a good husband, but in obtaining a knowledge of the true God ; for in Ruth's country they did not know him, and if she had not followed Naomi, she would not have had this great happiness ; and then, how glorious to have been an ancestress of the Messiah ! Some other time I will relate to you the history of David, Obed's grandson.

*Little-John.* Boaz was a good man too ; why did he tell Ruth not to glean elsewhere ?

*Louisa.* Because he was generous and charitable :

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he followed the precepts of the Lord, who says : “ When you harvest your grain, do not go back to pick up the scattered straw ; leave it for the widow, the stranger, and the orphan, that the Lord may bless the labor of your hands.” This is why Boaz wished Ruth to follow his reapers, and to share their dinner with them ; he was happy to find an opportunity to do good, for he well knew that he who relieves the poor is the image of God upon earth, and that the Lord blesses the giver, so that the alms that he bestows enrich instead of impoverishing him.

*Little-John.* Yes ; but when one is very poor one's self, one cannot give alms.

*Louisa.* No matter how poor we may be, we may still find others yet more unfortunate to whom we may do good ; if we have nothing to give them, we may console, encourage, visit and nurse them when they are sick, and serve them in many ways.

*Little-John.* But rich people can always relieve the poor.

*Louisa.* The alms from the poor are more agreeable in the sight of God than those of the rich. Grandma explained that to me when I recited to her a passage in the New Testament, that I learned by heart not long ago. Our Saviour was one day standing near the place where people came to deposite their alms : he saw the rich bring large sums ; and he saw, also, a poor widow bring two small pieces of money of little value. Then he said to his disciples : “ Of a

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truth I say unto you, that this poor widow has given more than they all, for they of their abundance have given what they did not want, whereas she has given all that she had."

So you see, John, that God, who sees to the bottom of our hearts, does not judge, as men do, by the *amount* given, but by the spirit with which it is given. He will reward us even for a glass of water given for the love of him. This reminds me of another little story which I must tell you. It was again during a great famine among the Hebrews. There was a man called Elijah, one of the holy prophets. One day he arrived near the city of Zarephath ; as he had walked a long way, he was exceedingly thirsty and hungry. He saw, in a field near by, a poor woman picking up wood, and said to her : "Give me, I pray you, a little water." She ran for it immediately, and as she was going, he cried out : "Bring me, too, I beg of you, a piece of bread, for I am very hungry." The poor woman had only a little flour and a small quantity of oil that she was keeping to make bread for her son ; she made it, however, into bread for the prophet. To reward her charity, God performed a miracle : the flour in the barrel and the oil in the bottle never gave out during the whole time of the famine ; though they used it every day, there was always some left. God did this to reward a charitable act, and to prove that he always repays us what we give in alms.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THEFT.

A SHORT time after the story about Ruth, Louisa having gone out to see some of her playmates, Little-John was left alone with old Margaret, and said to her : "Grandmother, when we find any thing in the fields, can we take it for ourselves ?"

*Margaret.* How, Little-John, can you ask such a question ? Have I not told you a hundred times that we must never touch what does not belong to us ?

*Little-John.* Did not Ruth go into Boaz's field to pick up wheat ? and did not Louisa tell me that God ordered those who were harvesting to leave some grain in the fields for strangers and the poor ?

*Margaret.* But you must remember that Boaz gave Ruth permission to pick up the scattered grain ; and besides, the poor knew that they could take what they found in the fields, because it was left on purpose for them. It is customary now, in some countries, for poor people to glean the stubble-fields ; and they can do so because it is allowed, but if not, they must touch nothing. It is true, that God commands the rich to give to the poor ; but he forbids everybody from taking what does not belong to them.

*Little-John.* And when the rich are so hard-hearted and cruel as to refuse to give any thing to the poor, like that rich Mr. Gripeall, who drives them away

when they ask for bread, are not the boys right in stealing their apples and destroying their gardens ?

*Margaret.* No, certainly not ; if the rich refuse to give they will be punished ; but those who take their apples will not the less be punished for stealing.

*Little-John.* Taking a few apples ! do you call that stealing ?

*Margaret.* Yes, my child ; it is as much a theft as the taking of money.

*Little-John.* But a stingy man !

*Margaret.* Well ! because that man is stingy, do you want to be a thief ?

*Little-John.* Oh ! how shocking to be called a thief ! I would not even taste a cherry that had been taken without permission.

*Margaret.* You are right, my son ; *honesty is the poor man's wealth.* Never forget what I have so often told you, that in the country the fruit, the flowers, the trees, and almost every thing else, are left to the care of Providence ; those who take the least thing commit a theft, and they are the more guilty, as the owners have no means of protecting themselves from such injustice. But if man does not see them, God, who is everywhere, does, and he will most assuredly punish them. Listen, I will tell you a story. A long time ago the Normans were all robbers ; they came from a country called Denmark, and as that country is in the north, they were called Northmen, or Normans. Almost every year they set out in great numbers, in small boats ;

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they sailed along the coasts of France, and penetrated to the heart of the country by ascending the rivers ; there they plundered and burnt the villages, carried off the flocks and herds, and after killing the men, they led away the women and children, and made them slaves. These robberies continued for many years without its being possible to stop them. At last the king of France made peace with Rollo, the chief of these robbers ; he gave him a beautiful province for himself and people to live in, and his daughter in marriage, on condition that he would become a Christian, and cease to do France any injury. Rollo accepted king Charles's proposition, and he and all his people became Christians. They gave him the province of Neustria, since called Normandy, from the Normans who settled in it. Then, from thieves and robbers, that they were before, they became very honest people. Rollo made wise laws for them that were strictly obeyed ; the people became industrious, the cities became rich and flourishing, the country was covered with fine crops, and the inhabitants became such, that a man having found a valuable bracelet in the road, suspended it from a tree, that the owner might recognise and claim it ; but he not passing that way, it remained in the tree for many years. See what a change the fear of God made in the habits of this people. We, too, are Christians, and we ought to be as honest as they. There is a country in Europe called Prussia, in most parts of which it is customary to plant fruit-

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trees along the public roads. If the owner of one of these trees should tie a simple whisp of straw around its trunk, all the boys in Prussia might pass under it without its being touched, such is their honesty.

*Little-John.* But, grandma, if we find any thing, can we not keep it?

*Margaret.* To find any thing without taking every means to restore it, is just as much a theft as if we were to take it from the owner without permission. There are many ways of stealing: those who deceive in buying or selling, in counting money, in measuring or weighing goods; those who refuse to pay what they owe; those who being hired to work, are idle, or do their work in a slovenly way;—all such people steal, and they will never thrive, for wealth acquired by dishonest means cannot procure happiness. As for you, John, I hope you will be an honest man: then, if you are not rich, you will have a good conscience, which will render you contentment and happiness in your poverty; you will be esteemed and honored by man, and, what is still better, will be blessed by God; for he protects those who serve him and keep his commandments.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## OLD UNCLE TOM.

UNCLE TOM, as he was usually called in the village, was a venerable old man, highly respected for his honesty and information, who had passed most of his life at sea. After serving many years in the navy, he had returned to spend the remainder of his days in his native village. He dwelt all alone in a small house that had been his father's, and cultivated a small lot of ground, that, by dint of labor and care, he had converted into a beautiful garden.

Everybody liked old Tom; children, particularly, were very fond of him, and he of them. He often collected the good little boys around him, and related to them the wonders that he had seen in his voyages, and the battles that he had fought for his country; and sometimes he gave them apples and nuts.

But if he loved good children, he was the terror of bad ones. If, in his walks, he happened to meet a large boy imposing on a small one, or guilty of any other meanness, he was very apt to give him a rap over the head. Little-John was a prime favorite with old Tom, who always called him his messmate. The old sailor often visited his kind neighbor Margaret, and took great delight in instructing Louisa and Little John, and they were very attentive to his lessons.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE MILL.

ONE fine morning, Little-John, by Margaret's advice, went and asked Uncle Tom to take him to the mill. The old sailor readily consented, and they were soon upon the banks of the brook.

"Do you see, John," said Uncle Tom, "how the water by its weight drives the big wheel? Enter the mill now, and you will see how the millstones are driven, in their turn, by the big wheel. Of these millstones, (which are round, flat, and very heavy,) the lower one is stationary, and the upper is turned with considerable velocity: the grains of wheat are made to fall between the two stones, from a box immediately above them called a hopper: between the stones they are crushed and ground into flour; the flour is then sifted from the bran through what is called a bolting-cloth."

Little-John examined carefully the machinery of the mill. As he was returning to the village, reflecting upon what he had seen—"Uncle Tom," said he, "is the windmill on the hill there like the one we have just seen?"

*Tom.* Precisely; only, instead of a wheel turned by water, it has four wings or sails driven by the wind.

*Little-John.* But how is the wind strong enough to turn such heavy stones?

*Tom.* You understand, John, how it is that water turns the wheel?

*Little-John.* Certainly; the water is so heavy, that it is not difficult to understand how it turns the wheel and millstones; but I cannot conceive how wind can do the same: in the first place, I don't know what wind is.

*Tom.* You don't know what air is, either, I suppose?

*Little-John.* Oh! yes; I know very well what it is; it is what we breathe; we are surrounded by air, and plunged into it as fish are plunged in water; for when you sweep your hand quickly by your face, you feel the air immediately on your cheeks and eyes. Louisa read that to me the other day, from a book that you loaned her.

*Tom.* Really! John, you are quite learned, and even wiser than you think yourself, for you have just explained to me what wind is.

*Little-John.* Indeed! I did not suspect it.

*Tom.* How do you manage to feel the air?

*Little-John.* I pass my hand or a book rapidly before my face.

*Tom.* How is it that you then feel it so plainly?

*Little-John.* That is not so easy to answer.

*Tom.* I agree with you; but think a little.

*Little-John.* Well! I suppose it is because I then stir the air and set it in motion, so that it strikes my face hard enough for me to feel it.

*Tom.* You have hit it exactly: wind is nothing more than air in motion.

Now you will easily understand how it is that the wind sets the arms of the mill agoing. If, instead of putting the water-wheel under a fall of water, you were to plunge it in a quiet pool, tell me, John, what would occur?

*Little-John.* That is not hard to tell. The wheel would not turn, and the mill would not go.

*Tom.* That is precisely what occurs with the wind-mill when the air is still—it does not go. But, on the contrary, if sufficient water falls upon the wheel, the mill runs; so it is when the air falls upon the wings—that is to say, if it blows.

*Little-John.* Oh! Uncle Tom, what a difference! Water is heavy; but air—

*Tom.* Is very light, you were going to say, were you not? Well, I am sorry, messmate, to contradict you; but you must know that air has weight like other things, and if you were to weigh a bottle full of air, against one from which the air had been extracted, you would immediately see that it was the heaviest.

*Little-John.* Oh! then I can understand how the wind makes the mill go.

*Tom.* Not only mills, but large vessels, loaded with men and merchandise. They raise upon the vessels high masts, higher than the church-steeple; upon these masts they stretch large sails, which, being pushed by the wind, force the vessel through the water at a great

rate. But you saw, last winter, large limbs broken from the trees by the violence of the wind ; how can that which tore off such strong limbs be without weight ? How astonished you would be, Little-John, when the wind is strong, if you could see what enormous waves it makes upon the surface of the ocean ; and when I tell you that it has destroyed whole cities and their inhabitants, and swept away, in an instant, entire forests !

*Little-John.* How dreadful ! I shall always be afraid now when I hear the wind blow.

*Tom.* You would be wrong. With a good conscience we should never fear any thing ; for nothing happens in this world contrary to the will of our heavenly Father, who only allows an apparent evil for the real good of his creatures. Besides, destruction by wind is rare with us. It is in the South and the West Indies that these hurricanes occur.

Little-John thanked Uncle Tom, and left him to return home to Margaret's.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE RESPECT DUE TO OLD AGE.

THE little boy came running into the house—"Louisa ! Louisa ! come quick and see this funny man going up the street. See how crooked he is, and how he walks—look !

Louisa ran to the door, and when she saw the man she did not laugh, but looked upon him with compassion ; and then she ran for some bread, which she gave him, for it was a poor old lame beggar.

When he was gone, Little-John turned to Louisa, thinking that she would join him in making fun of the old man, but instead of laughing, she looked very serious. It was because good Margaret had taught her never to mock the aged, the poor, or the infirm. Little-John did not know this, and Louisa taught him in his turn.

“Look,” said she, “are not these poor people to be pitied on account of their sufferings and infirmities ? If we were in their places, would we not be very unhappy ? and to add to it, if bad boys were to mock us what would you think of it ? You know that we must never do unto others that which we would not have done to us.

“I read a story the other day which proves that God dislikes mocking children, and that he curses those that are disrespectful to old people. I will relate it to you.

“There was a man named Elisha, whom God loved on account of his piety and devotion. Elisha was so old that all the hair had fallen from his head, and he was bald. One day, as he was travelling along at the foot of a mountain, he met some boys who were playing in the fields. As soon as they perceived his bald head, they commenced running after and mocking

him. The old man turned and cursed them ; whereupon two large bears rushed from a neighboring wood, and devoured forty-two of them.

“ Is not this a frightful story ? and does it not prove that God punishes with severity all mocking children ? ”

Little-John agreed with her, and promised himself never again to mock anybody, and always to be respectful to old people. He remained very thoughtful, and seemed ashamed of himself for mocking the old beggar.

“ My child,” said Margaret, “ you would not be sorrowful as you are—you would, on the contrary, be joyous and contented, if you could have been useful to that poor old man. The services that we render to the aged rejoice the heart, and carry a blessing with them. Listen, I too have a story to relate, that our good Louisa has not forgotten.”

Louisa blushed, and appeared more busy with her work than ever, for she suspected that her grandmother was about to speak of her.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE BLIND MAN'S STAFF.

“A poor blind man was wandering about the country begging his bread. As he could not see, he contrived by means of a long staff to feel his way from village to village by roads that he was well acquainted with. One day he had the misfortune to let his stick fall in a ditch: he remained upon the spot in great embarrassment; he was afraid, blind as he was, to descend into the ditch, and yet he could not get along without his stick. He seated himself on the roadside, hoping that some one would soon come that way to his assistance; but he remained for a long time before a party came by, and then they were talking and making such a noise that they did not hear his timid demand for help, and continued their route. The poor fellow left once more alone, was very sad and anxious; for he felt the chill evening air, and feared that he would have to remain where he was all night. But after awhile he heard other steps, and the sound of voices approaching him. He cried out again for assistance. But the passengers this time were heartless boys, who made sport of the poor man's embarrassment. In their brutal mischief they pretended to pick up his stick, but in its stead handed him a thistle that scratched his hand. Just at this moment Louisa was passing: she had heard

the blind man's petition, and witnessed the cruelty of the boys, and she said to herself, 'That poor blind man looks like my grandfather : he seems to be as old as he, for his hair is just as white. How sorry I should be if my grandfather like him should be in need of assistance, and like him worried by cruel boys!' Immediately the good little girl took off her shoes, and waded into the ditch. She returned and said to the old man : 'Here, my good man, here is your cane.' The blind man turned in the direction of her clear sweet voice, and with joy in his countenance, took his stick, saying : 'May God bless and reward you, my dear child, for your good heart.'

"Louisa tripped off delighted : when she got home she threw her arms around her grandfather's neck, and though she did not mention what had occurred, the old man's caresses were more grateful to her than usual, and each kiss seemed to say to her : 'I thank you, my child, for having performed a good action to-day for the love of me.' "

The good old grandmother was very much moved as she finished her recital. She drew the children to her, and covered them with kisses ; and Little-John understood how much happiness, and how much pride a family may feel in the good deeds of one of its children.

During the whole day he was more attentive and affectionate than ever to his grandmother and sister ; and when evening came, he asked Louisa to relate to

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him the story she had promised him about Ruth's grandson, in such a winning way, that she commenced it at once.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### HISTORY OF DAVID.

“THE Jews were a numerous people: they were at war with the Philistines. The two armies were about to engage, when a terrible giant, named Goliath, stepped forth from the ranks of the Philistines. He approached the Jews, offering them all manner of insults, crying out—‘It is not necessary for both armies to fight to decide the war; let some Jew come out and meet me, and we two will decide it.’ But the Jews, at the sight of this tremendous man, his heavy armor, and long sword, were intimidated. They stood trembling in their ranks, and not one of them dared go out to fight Goliath. The king of the Jews, who was named Saul, promised to give his daughter in marriage and a large sum of money to any one who would kill this wicked Philistine; but not a man was to be found of sufficient courage to attempt it.

“There was in Bethlehem a man called Jesse, who was the son of Obed, and grandson of Boaz and Ruth, whose story you admired so much. This man had

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eight sons ; the eldest had gone to the war, and the youngest, called David, remained at home. David was in his sixteenth year ; he tended his father's flocks, and God loved him because he was a good son, obedient and pious.

“ Jesse called and said to him :—‘ My son, go and inquire how your brothers are, and take with you such provisions as they may want.’ David set out, and arrived at the camp just as Goliath was defying and insulting the Jews. David, who was brave, could not listen to him without indignation, and inquired who the insolent bully was. They told who he was, and that he had frequently thus insulted them and blasphemed the name of God, and that no one dared fight him, though the king had promised his daughter in marriage to whoever would kill him.

“ As soon as David heard this, he presented himself to the king, and said :—‘ If you choose, I will go and fight this insolent Philistine.’ Saul replied to him : ‘ You are nothing but a child—how can you fight this terrible giant ? he will crush you with the first blow ! ’ —‘ Don’t you believe it,’ replied David ; ‘ it is not upon my own strength that I rely, but upon the protection of God : you know that any thing may be done with His assistance. When I watched my father’s sheep in the desert, a lion or a bear would sometimes rush out and seize one of them, but I always attacked and snatched his prey from him. It was the Lord who protected me ; and as he delivered

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me then from the teeth of the bear and the claws of the lion, can He not again defend me from the fury of this proud Philistine?’

“ The king, seeing David so determined, no longer opposed his design. He offered him his golden armor and weapons. But after trying them on, the young shepherd said: ‘ I could not get along with this armor, it is too heavy, and I am not accustomed to it.’ Then he threw them off, and took only his stick, his sling, and his satchel, into which he put a few smooth stones that he picked out on the edge of the brook of Cedron: after that he marched forth with confidence, because he trusted in God’s assistance.

“ When Goliath saw the young shepherd approaching, with his bag and stick, he commenced mocking him: —‘ Do you take me for a dog,’ cried he, ‘ that you approach me with a stick? Come on: I will slay you, and give your flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.’

“ While he was talking, David ran towards him, and placing a stone in his sling, threw it with such strength and skill that it struck Goliath in the centre of the forehead, and the giant fell dead beneath the blow.”

At these words, Little-John commenced clapping his hands, crying out—“ Well done! well done! hurrah for David!” and made such a to-do that it was some time before Louisa could go on; at last she continued: “ Seeing him fall, the Jews shouted for joy.

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The Philistines, panic-stricken, took to flight. The Jews pursued and killed nearly all of them ; so that their victory was complete : David had all the glory of it, and he some time after became king of the Jews in the place of Saul."

Little-John was brave, and loved to hear of battles ; and he was more delighted with this story than with any that he had yet heard. He was praising David's courage—"Yes," said Louisa ; "but he was as good as he was brave, and it was from God that he derived his strength, and in whom he put his trust. You see, John, in those days the Jews were the friends of God —they were his chosen people ; but when our Saviour came, they refused to acknowledge him, and put him to death ; and on that account God cursed them."

"But take care, Louisa," said old Margaret, (who, while attending to her knitting, was listening to her grand-children,) "you forget to tell John that he must neither despise nor hate the Jews. On the contrary, he must love them ; for, like us, they are God's children. We must pity them for their errors, but not treat them the less like brothers, and oblige them if we can."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE SABBATH.

EVERY Sunday the good Margaret and her grandchildren put on their best clothes, dressing themselves as neatly as possible, and went to church. Old Margaret would not allow any work to be done on that day, nor would she allow them to play and romp about, because, as she told them, God had forbidden it.

“See, my children,” said she, “how good the Lord is to us; though he wishes us to be industrious and work hard, yet he knows that we require rest sometimes, and he has set a day apart for the purpose. He promises to reward us if we work diligently in his service, and he will reward us too if we refrain from labor on the Sabbath, and keep it holy in obedience to his commands.”

*Little-John.* Those who work on Sunday do wrong then?

*Margaret.* Yes, my child, they disobey God. The Sabbath is the Lord’s day, and we must keep it holy. We must neither buy, nor sell, nor labor on that day; it should be devoted to the worship of God in God’s house; and you must be careful not to imitate those, of whom there are unfortunately too many, who violate the Sabbath by all manner of wickedness—drinking, gaming, swearing. Fly from such people as you

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would from the plague, for there is nothing so dangerous as the society of the wicked.

*Little-John.* But, grandmother, you were saying the other day that we should not despise such people.

*Margaret.* No, my child, you must neither despise nor hate them ; on the contrary, we should be kind to and pity them ; but you must not make companions of them, for fear of becoming as wicked as they. Louisa, relate to Little-John the story of Joash : he will see how a prince, well brought up, whose infancy God had protected in so remarkable a manner, allowed himself to be led away by evil example, and became in the end as corrupt and as impious as those with whom he associated.

And Louisa commenced thus the history of Joash, king of Judah.



## CHAPTER XX.

### HISTORY OF JOASH

“ THERE was a king of the Jews named Ahaziah, whose mother was one of the most wicked and cruel women ever known ; she was called Athaliah. One day they came and told her that her son had been killed in battle : immediately she resolved to seize upon the throne, and in order to put down all opposition,

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she commanded all the princes of the royal family to be put to death, without even excepting the infants in the cradle, her own grandchildren. While they were murdering these children, Jehosheba, Ahaziah's sister, and the wife of Jehoiada, the high-priest, saved one of them, and hid him in the temple with his nurse. He was called Joash, and they reared him in great privacy ; the high-priest educated him carefully, and taught him to love God and serve him.

“ During this time the cruel Athaliah was guilty of every crime. She adored false gods, and compelled the people to join in their worship. Under her rule the Jews became extremely wretched and wicked.

“ When Joash reached his tenth year, the high-priest assembled a great many soldiers in the temple, and made known to them that the little boy was their king. He made him sit upon a throne, placed the crown upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand. He then distributed alms to the soldiers, and placed them around the throne, and they promised to defend Joash, and serve him as their master and king. The doors of the temple were then thrown open, and the people rushed in in crowds, shouting, ‘ Long live the king ! ’ Athaliah, hearing the tumult, ran to inquire the cause. When she saw the young king upon his throne, she flew into a great rage, tearing her garments, and crying out, ‘ Treason ! treason ! ’ Immediately the high-priest ordered her to be dragged from the temple, and to be put to death, which was done at once.

“ Joash then reigned, and was a good and wise prince as long as he followed the advice of Jehoiada ; but after the death of that good man he allowed himself to be led away by the flattery and caresses of the lords of his court, who persuaded him to join them in the worship of false gods, and to commit many evil deeds. Jehoiada left a son called Zechariah, who succeeded him in the office of high-priest. When he saw that Joash was forgetting the lessons, and departing from the good counsels given him by his father, he reproached him with it, and reminded him of his duty. But instead of heeding his good advice, and mending his ways, Joash had him stoned to death. Zechariah died, uttering these words : ‘ God sees and will punish him.’ And God did chastise Joash for his cruel ingratitude, for he allowed his enemies to invade his kingdom, and to inflict upon him great suffering. After that he died, miserably assassinated by his own servants.”

“ Oh the scoundrel ! the villain ! ” cried Little-John, “ to murder the son of the man who had been so kind to him, who took care of him when he was a little boy, who made him king. God did right to punish him ; he deserved it richly.”

“ Come and kiss me, my dear child,” said Margaret to him ; “ you have such a horror of ingratitude, your heart must be a good one. You are right, my boy, there is nothing more natural or more delightful than to love those who do us good. It is from gratitude

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that men love God ; that children cherish and respect their parents ; and that friends love one another. Ungrateful people ought not to live as they do, ignorant of those sentiments which alone can render men good and happy."

Little-John did not quite understand all that Margaret said, but he threw his arms around her neck in a way to let her see that his heart guessed at all that she wished to teach him on the subject of gratitude.

" Little-John," she added, " do not forget the lesson that this story teaches. Joash, as you see, was good and pious as long as he followed good advice ; he became sinful and cruel, because he did not shun the company of the wicked. My child, you will soon now be eight years old, and then you will go to school. You will see there all sorts of boys ; among them I fear many who have not been taught to fear God and love virtue. Take care that you are not led away by their example ; do not despise, but shun them. But if, on the contrary, you meet with a child attentive to his duties, obedient and respectful to his parents and teachers, kind and obliging to every one—that is the boy to make your friend. And when you grow up to be a man, you must continue to seek your companions among the honest and the virtuous ; for we invariably get to resemble those with whom we most associate."

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

“Louisa ! Louisa ! look here at the dear little birds that I took from under the eaves of the house ! I was near breaking my neck, but that is nothing, as I have gotten them. Are you not glad, Louisa ?”

*Louisa.* Indeed I am not, John. If it is for me that you have performed this fine exploit, I thank you for your good intentions ; but I assure you, that I would much rather see these poor little birds in their nest under their mother's wings, than to have them here, all trembling with cold, and destined to die of starvation.

*Little-John.* Die of starvation ! what do you mean, Louisa ? I will feed and take the greatest care of them, and then tame them.

*Louisa.* Unfortunately, that is impossible. They are young swallows. They can only live upon flies and other insects, and it is necessary that this food should be prepared for them by their mother, that you have no doubt rendered very unhappy by depriving of her young ones.

*Little-John.* That then is the reason that I saw two birds flying and chirping so hard around the nest ; and they flew at me, as if they wished to attack me, when I took the young ones.



*Louisa.* No doubt of it, Little-John. You have rendered a poor family desolate without the possibility of profiting by your cruelty; for even should you succeed in feeding and rearing the birds, you will not be able to keep them long. Swallows cannot exist in a cage; they require their full liberty, and they never pass the winter with us, because then it would be too cold, and they would no longer find any thing to eat.

*Little-John.* But where do they go during the winter?

*Louisa.* Towards autumn they assemble in great flocks, and set out all together for countries where the

heat is greater than it is with us ; South America, for instance. The following spring they return to us, build their nests, lay their eggs, hatch, and rear their young, which are strong enough in the fall to accompany their parents. If you take my advice, John, you will put these poor little birds back in their nest : and go quietly, now, and then see how carefully their mother will feed them, and warm them with her wings, and teach them to fly.

Little-John ran immediately to replace the birds in their nest, but in his hurry he was careless ; the nest gave way, fell to the ground, and the little birds were killed by the fall, for their wings were too bare of feathers to be of any assistance to them. Little-John, quite ashamed, picked up the nest, and came with a sorrowful face to his sister, and told her of the sad fate of the little birds : he did not fail to prove to her that this misfortune was caused by the giving way of the nest, by the birds refusing to go into it, and not at all by any fault of his ; and then he made haste to ask her if the swallows built the nest themselves, and with what they built it.

“With a mixture of mud and straw,” replied Louisa. “Observe what patience, what industry, the poor birds must have had, to bring in their bills all this mud, and to stick it to the wall, and to give it the proper shape.”

Just then old Tom came in. Little-John was so occupied with his swallow’s nest, that he almost forgot to speak to his old friend.

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“What are you examining with so much attention?” asked the old sailor.

*Little-John.* Uncle Tom, how is it possible to conceive that a bird can, with nothing but its bill, build a nest like that? It seems to me that a bird must have more sense than a man; for a man, with the same means, could not do as much.

*Tom.* What then would you say, if you knew what beavers can do? They know how to cut down trees, drive posts, mix mortar, construct dams across rivers, and build two-story houses, with more industry and patience than savages often employ; and they do all this with no other tools than their teeth, their paws, and their tails.

*Little-John.* I should say that beavers are as wise as men; as you tell me yourself, Uncle Tom, that savages cannot build houses as good as theirs.

*Tom.* Well, you would be mistaken, Little-John, because man can invent all sorts of things of himself; whereas, animals can invent nothing. Man can acquire knowledge, and profit by the experience of those that have gone before him; animals cannot. The experience that one of them might, by chance, acquire, can be useful only to itself, and cannot be made use of by the others. All that man knows how to do is the product of study and reflection: animals are incapable of study or reflection. Their skill is not acquired, but is given them by the Creator, without their knowing it. Thus, study and thought were not ne-

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cessary to the swallow to build that nest you admired so ; she built it naturally, without having been taught to do so. Swallows build no better now than they did a thousand years ago. They labor without being able to avoid it—without foresight and without intelligence. I saw, myself, a swallow exhausting itself in attempting to build its nest over a door, just where a bell-wire passed. Each time that the bell was pulled, the motion of the wire destroyed the work that had been done, and the poor bird could not understand that it was necessary to build elsewhere. So it is with beavers ; they have always been just as skilful as now ; they have neither invented nor improved any thing. The first men created may not perhaps have been able to do as much as beavers ; but, since then, the beavers have remained stationary, at the same point ; whereas, human intelligence has wrought wonders. In the earliest times, the only dwelling-places that men had were caves, or cabins, built of the limbs and leaves of trees ; now they possess the art, not only of constructing safe and comfortable houses, but magnificent palaces, bridges that span the widest rivers, and ships that navigate the remotest seas. The first of our race knew nothing of iron. Tubal-cain was the first man to make use of and fashion it into tools ; but now what work is there that we cannot perform with iron ? Ploughs, scythes, guns, utensils and tools of every description, are made from it. Astonishing machines, that, with the aid of fire and

water, work of themselves, are, as it were, additional arms and hands, of incalculable power, that man has acquired by his own industry. There was a time when we had to guess at the time of day by looking at the sun. Then water and sand clocks were invented, by means of which, time was measured, by the quantity of water or fine sand that ran through a small hole. Then came clocks with weights and pendulums, like the one in the church-steeple, that noted the hours with perfect regularity ; and finally, means were discovered to enclose in the size of a common watch all the machinery necessary to mark the hour everywhere, and at each instant, with the utmost exactness.

You must see, then, that the blind instinct that guides animals even in their most admirable works, is not comparable with human intelligence, which reasons, invents, profits by the inventions of others, and which is always advancing towards perfection.

*Little-John.* Yet, Uncle Tom, you told me that there were savages even now in existence incapable of doing what the beavers do. How is it that with all their intelligence and in so long a time they know so little ?

*Tom.* It is, my child, because they are so lazy, that, provided they get enough to eat and drink for the moment, they will do nothing. They lower themselves voluntarily to the condition of brutes in obeying nothing but their idle inclinations. They will not work, and the happy fruits of industry and science can only be obtained by application and labor. The richest

field in the world, left uncultivated, will produce nothing but weeds and briars ; so it is with man's intelligence, and it is only by persevering study that it can achieve great things. You have, doubtless, more than once found it disagreeable to labor.

*Little-John.* Indeed I have, Uncle Tom.

*Tom.* Well then, my child, learn that it is man's glory and dignity to triumph over himself, and to devote himself to rude labor. His superiority consists in the power which he possesses to guide himself towards that which is useful to others, and towards that which is just and right, notwithstanding the alluring pleasures of idleness, which tempt him to a contrary course. This is why you are so self-satisfied when you have had the perseverance and industry to perform, without unnecessary delay, any difficult task. If you wish to become a man really worthy of the name, think neither of pleasure nor interest, but labor always bravely to do your duty. Let your motto be, *Do what you ought, happen what will.*

## CHAPTER XXII.

## HOUSES.

WHEN old Margaret was obliged to go out for provisions, or to seek or return work, she always did so without the slightest anxiety about her domestic affairs. Little-John never played either with the fire or with knives ; he never climbed upon the chairs or tables, or littered up the house. When Louisa told him to do any thing, instead of giving her an insolent answer, or refusing to listen to her, as many bad children would have done, he was just as obedient to her as to Margaret, and they never quarrelled. Louisa was very industrious, and Little-John was in the habit of seating himself near her on his little stool, and they conversed together like good friends. One day that they were thus alone together, Little-John said to Louisa : " Sister, do tell me how houses are built."

*Louisa.* Willingly : when they built the new house up the road, I had to pass that way every day ; and I noticed particularly how they did it. In the first place, they dug out the cellar, and then all around the sides of the cellar, they dug ditches. These ditches were then filled up with a wall of large stones laid in mortar, and the walls were continued up until they reached a little above the surface of the ground, and upon this stone they laid the brick wall. Uncle Tom told

me that they had to dig the ditches in order that the foundation of the building might stand upon more solid earth than that at the surface, because if they were to build upon the surface, when the wall reached a little elevation, its great weight would cause it to settle, or sink more in one place than another, and the house would tumble down. That part of the walls concealed under ground is called the foundation of the house. In carrying up the walls they took care to leave places for the doors and windows. The carpenters then laid large pieces of wood regularly across from wall to wall, called sleepers, for the floor to lie on ; and finally, when the walls were finished, the carpenters put up the frame of the roof, large pieces of wood laid in a slanting direction, with their extremities meeting at top, called rafters ; upon these, planks were nailed close together ; and upon the planks were nailed the shingles, as you see them. In this way the house was covered in, and safe from rain.

*Little-John.* Then the house was finished ?

*Louisa.* Oh no, that was only half the work. The carpenters then made doors, window-shutters, floors, and a great many other things ; then the locksmiths had their work to do ; and then the plasterers plastered the walls ; after them came the painters, who covered all the wood-work with paint, not only to make it look better, but to preserve it. They were nearly a year in finishing the house completely.

*Little-John.* How much labor to build a house !

Could not the masons have done all that by themselves ?

*Louisa.* No ; God created men to live together in society, and they must mutually assist each other in all that they do. Masons alone could not finish a house if other men did not do the wood-work ; the carpenters in their turn could do nothing, if the cutlers did not make for them the tools with which they work the wood. And so it is with every thing else. The baker has need of the mason to construct his dwelling and his oven. The mason has to look to the baker to bake his bread. God has so ordered it, and this proves to us that we should aid one another, and dwell together in peace and harmony.

*Little-John.* Now, Louisa, you who know so much, tell me about those savages that you and grand-ma were talking of the other day ; can they build houses ?

*Louisa.* Those who live in warm countries only build huts made of reeds and mud or other perishable materials. Uncle Tom loaned me a book of voyages that is very interesting. There is an account in it of a tribe of savages that build their habitations in the tops of high trees to avoid the wild beasts and the overflow of the rivers. They reach these dwellings by means of ladders, which at night are pulled up so as to cut off all communication with the ground. There are people called Laplanders ; they live in a country so cold, that the ground is almost always cov-

ered with ice and snow. These people live in huts made of poles covered with sods, and shaped like bells, with a hole in the top for the escape of the smoke. The fire is made on the ground in the centre of the hut. These Laplanders are very wretched ; nothing grows in their country but pine-trees and moss. Their nights in winter are two months in length, and as the water then is all frozen, when they want to drink they have to thaw it over the fire. In summer they take quantities of fish, which they dry in the sun, and put away for winter use. They possess herds of reindeer, a species of deer, which supply them with meat and milk, and serve them instead of horses in dragging their sleds. There are other people, inhabiting hot climates, who have no houses. Such are the Arabians or Arabs : they are continually moving from place to place, and dwell in tents made of haircloth and skins, as Abraham and Jacob did.

*Little-John.* Could they not build houses in Jacob's time ?

*Louisa.* To be sure they could. The first city was built by one of Cain's sons, a long time before the deluge. Do you not remember the tower of Babel, that they attempted to build after the deluge, in defiance of God's power ? Do you remember how he defeated their design, and confounded their pride, by causing the confusion of tongues, so that they could not understand one another ? They were obliged to separate without accomplishing their work ; but you must

perceive that in those days men were already capable of erecting grand and durable buildings.

*Little-John.* Why, then, was Jacob without a house ? What is a tent like ?

*Louisa.* A tent is a large piece of canvas, or cloth, stretched over poles and pinned to the ground, around the edges, by wooden pins driven in for the purpose. It affords sufficient protection from wind and rain, and is so light as to be easily set up and taken down and transported from place to place. When an army goes to war, tents are carried along, and the soldiers set them up, or, as they term it, pitch them, wherever they establish a camp. A camp is a city, with regular streets, composed of tents. It can be put up in the evening and moved elsewhere the next morning. Thus the patriarchs dwelt under tents made of haircloth or skins. As they possessed immense flocks, and did not cultivate the earth, they had to shift their ground when the surrounding pastures were exhausted. But this mode of living is only possible when the population of a country is very thin. Lot and Abraham had to separate when their flocks became too numerous. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob preferred this simple and independent mode of life ; nevertheless, in their day, large cities and magnificent palaces were constructed, for the kingdoms of Egypt and Babylon were already flourishing, and the pyramids were built about that time.

*Little-John.* What are pyramids ?

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*Louisa.* They are enormous edifices, square at the base, and terminating at the top in a point—shaped precisely like our lye-hopper turned upside-down. They were erected to serve as tombs to their kings, or for some other unknown purpose ; and so solidly constructed of granite, as still to be in a perfect state at the end of more than three thousand years.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### GHOSTS.

ONE evening John had been to see his Uncle Tom, and remained later than usual : he put on his hat to return home, for it was already dark,—but to return to Margaret's he had to pass by the graveyard. He had often heard the most extraordinary accounts of ghosts, and goblins, and spirits ; and, brave as he was, he felt somewhat afraid to travel the road alone, and at night. He took care to say nothing to Uncle Tom about it, for fear of being laughed at ; but he asked him if he would not accompany him to see his grandmother. But the old sailor guessed at the little boy's thoughts, and said :

“ John, are you afraid, after boasting the other day how hard you would fight if you were a soldier ? Do you know that then you would often have to mount

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guard by yourself, in the most lonely spots, and in the night, and for hours together?"

While talking, Uncle Tom was gathering up his cane, his lantern, and his hat, for he was a good-hearted old fellow, and knew how to pity the weakness of others ; and he knew, too, that ridicule was not the best way to remove Little-John's superstitious fears.

"So, my boy," said he to him, "you have been listening to stories about ghosts? You have been told that the devil and hobgoblins sometimes visited the world to frighten and torment people? Now, remember what I tell you, there is not a word of truth in any of it ; there are no such things as spirits that return. They never have and never will be seen, because there are none. As to the devil, it is very true he tempts and often urges us to evil ; but all that is in our thoughts, and God never permits him to become visible to us. When you hear people relating such wonderful stories, ask them if they themselves have seen what they describe. I will warrant they answer, no ; or, if they do pretend to have seen any thing, it is always at night, or they were half asleep—or, what is more likely, blinded by their foolish fears. When we allow ourselves to be thus overcome with fear, we are no longer capable of seeing or judging any thing in its true light. This is how it happened, last winter, that Maria mistook the miller's old white horse for a ghost, and went to the minister, frightened half out of her senses, to beg that he would protect her from it. The miller

has ever since called his horse Maria's ghost. I am a very old man, now, and I have seen a great deal of the world, yet I have never met with a sensible person who had seen a ghost."

*Little-John.* But there are jack-o'-lanterns, Uncle Tom. I saw one myself, the other night, in the big meadow near the graveyard ; and I ran away very quickly, for old Aunt Jane told me that they danced before us to dazzle and lead us astray, that we might fall in the water, or get lost ; and she says that they are the souls of little children that died without being christened.

*Tom.* Don't you believe one word of all these tales, my child ; souls never return, and if they did, why should they do us harm ? As to the jack-o'-lanterns, it's all very natural ; they are produced by a particular kind of air, which takes fire when in contact with the atmosphere. This air, or gas, is generated in the earth wherever there are animal remains in a state of decay ; this is why jack-o'-lanterns are more frequently seen about graveyards than elsewhere : what is more, they are never seen except at night, for their feeble bluish flames give too little light to be seen in the daytime ; nor is it at all wonderful that accidents happen to those who are so foolish as to follow them through the darkness. The same accidents would be likely to occur were you to follow any thing else at night. When I first went to sea, I awoke one night, and saw terrible words written in letters of fire upon the deck of the

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ship. It was a trick of my messmates; as I was a greenhorn, they thought to take advantage of my ignorance, and amuse themselves with my fright: but they missed it, for I was not the least alarmed, as I happened to know what can be done with phosphorus.

*Little-John.* What is phosphorus?

*Tom.* Phosphorus is a substance luminous at night, because it burns slowly when exposed to the air. When figures are traced upon a wall with a piece of phosphorus, these figures appear luminous in darkness, until the small quantity of phosphorus rubbed off on the wall is consumed; so with figures drawn with charcoal, they appear black because a small portion of the charcoal remains attached to the wall. It is this very phosphorus that causes the jack-o'-lanterns, and it is found in the bones and brains of animals. Do not, then, my boy, be easily frightened when you see any new thing that may appear supernatural to you, for you may be certain that when you come to examine closely, and understand it, it will appear quite natural; but, understand it or not, you may rely upon it that there are no such things as ghosts, devils, or evil spirits, that come upon the earth to disturb the repose of the living.

*Little-John.* But why do they relate such tales, if they are not true?

*Tom.* Generally for amusement, like any other fiction. But it is a dangerous amusement, calculated to lead into error children like yourself and ignorant

people. As to those who relate these tales seriously, they from ignorance really believe what they relate, or they are people with ill-balanced minds who delight in the horrible and the supernatural; but you must always be as willing to receive the truths of our holy religion, though you may not understand them, as unwilling to give credit to such absurdities as ghosts and goblins.

Continuing in this manner the conversation, Little-John and Uncle Tom arrived at Margaret's cottage: the old man wished the family a good-night, and returned home.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### STORY OF TOBIT.

LITTLE-JOHN, growing to be a good stout boy, commenced going to school. As he had profited by Margaret's lessons and good advice, he was distinguished in the school for his good conduct, his obedience, and his industry. He soon acquired the friendship and esteem of his teachers, for good and docile children are beloved by everybody. In going to, or in returning from school, he never got into mischief by loitering on the way and playing with bad boys. He was so attentive to his books, that in a short time he made great progress.

He had been going to school but a few months, when one day he returned home in high spirits. He put his basket carefully away in its usual place, and then ran and threw his arms around his grandmother's neck, and kissed her. When evening came, and old Margaret had taken her knitting, and Louisa had taken down her work-basket and commenced sewing, Little-John took out of his basket a book that he had brought, and commenced reading aloud, and remarkably well, the following story :

“‘Tobit was an excellent young man, and served God faithfully’”—

“What! is it possible that John knows how to read?” cried the grandmother, letting her knitting fall in her astonishment. “Come, my child, and let me give you a kiss. It seems, Louisa, that you were in the secret, as it does not appear to astonish you.”

“Yes, grandmother, I was,” said Louisa, jumping with joy. “Little-John has known how to read for more than a week ; but we preferred keeping the surprise for you until to-day, as it is your birthday.”

“Thank you, my dear children. Our cottage is small, and poverty not far off; but you, my dearest, render me happy. You are a noble fellow, John, to have studied so hard to learn to read quickly, in order to give your poor old grandmother such an agreeable surprise ; and you, Louisa, you are a good sister to rejoice as you do at your brother’s success. Kiss me again, my dear children ; and may God reward you

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for all the happiness you cause me. Now let us hear the story. Begin again, Little-John ; and Louisa and I will listen to our little reader."

Little-John opened his book again, and commenced reading, in a voice trembling with emotion :

" ' Tobit was an excellent young man, and served God faithfully. While other young men of his age adored false gods, shared the worship of pagans, and participated in their unhallowed amusements, he bowed to the true and living God, and abstained from all forbidden pleasures. When of age he married a woman named Anna, and had a son that he named after himself, and whom he took care to bring up in the fear of the Lord.

" ' The enemy invaded Tobit's country, and carried him off into captivity, together with his wife, his son, and all his household. When he dwelt in Nineveh, the city to which his captors carried him, he continued to lead an honest, upright life, and to serve God faithfully. He constantly endeavored to render himself useful to his relations, his friends, and his companions in captivity : he visited the sick, relieved the poor, and consoled the afflicted. Meeting one day a countryman of his reduced to poverty and in great distress, he loaned him a large sum of money. The man gave him his written bond, and promised to return the money as soon as he could.

" ' The king of Nineveh was a cruel ruler. He harassed in a thousand ways the Israelites whom he had

captured, and put many of them to death. Those that were slain were left lying in the street. Tobit, who knew that a respect for the dead is acceptable in the sight of God, was in the habit of going out at night and burying such bodies as he could find. The king discovering it, confiscated all his property, and ordered him to be executed. Tobit warned in time took to flight, with his wife and child ; but his property being seized, he was reduced to great poverty. But a still more dreadful misfortune awaited him. One day, when asleep under the eaves of his house, the filth from a swallow's nest fell into his eyes, and rendered him totally blind. Thus he was deprived of all means of gaining a livelihood, and his only resource was the labor of his wife, who was obliged to weave for the support of the family.

“Under these accumulated misfortunes, Tobit never despaired : his trust was in God, and he patiently called upon him night and morning for deliverance. One day this good man, thinking that he was soon to die, called his son to him, and after giving him a great deal of advice for the guidance of his future life, said to him : “My son, several years ago I loaned a sum of money to one of our countrymen, who lives very far from here in the town of Rages : here is his bond ; go, present it to him, and collect the money before I die, for I wish you to have it.” His son replied : “Father, I am ready to do whatever you may wish, but I have never been at Rages, and I am ignorant of the

route."—"My son," said the old man, "look about town; perhaps you may find some traveller going that way who will suffer you to accompany him."

"Young Tobias did as his father advised, and met with a handsome young man, who offered to be his guide. He took the young man to his father. Tobit questioned the stranger; was satisfied with his sensible and modest replies, and was delighted that his son should have found a companion who appeared so amiable and prudent. Young Tobias embraced his parents, and set out accompanied by the house-dog. As he travelled, he arrived near a large river called the Tigris. Seating himself on the shore, he was about to wash his feet, when a large fish leaped forth, and would have devoured him. Tobias in a fright called his companion, who said to him: "Seize that fish by the gills, and pull him ashore." Tobias did so, and the fish soon died. His guide said to him again: "Now take out the fish's gall, put it up carefully, and take it with you." Tobias did readily all that he told him. The young men in the course of their journey, arrived at the house of one Raguel, a wealthy man, and a relation of Tobias's father: they were very kindly received, and hospitably entertained.

"Their host had a daughter, good and virtuous, and beautiful as she was, good. By the advice of his young friend, Tobias asked her father to let him marry her. Raguel consented, and with his daughter gave him half his wealth.

“ ‘ During the wedding festivities, Tobias’s companion continued on to Rages, collected the money, and brought it to him.

“ ‘ Raguel endeavored to persuade Tobias to remain some time with him. Tobias told him that he had already been from home longer than he intended, that his father and mother counted the days of his absence, and that they must already be suffering the most cruel anxiety on his account.

“ ‘ He started, then, with his companion on his return to his parents, taking with him his wife and her large fortune.

“ ‘ As he anticipated, his parents became very melancholy as his return was delayed. They grieved when the appointed day passed without their son’s arrival. His mother, particularly, was constantly in tears, saying:—“Alas! my son, why should we have sent you so far away! You were the light of our eyes, the staff of our old age, and the consolation of our lives; all our happiness was in you, and now we will die of grief if you do not return.” She went every evening and seated herself upon a high hill near the road, and watched for her son’s arrival; at last she perceived and recognised him. She ran immediately to her husband, crying out: “Here is our son!” When Tobias and his companion got near the house, the dog ran on before, as if to announce their arrival, wagging his tail, and giving vent to his joy by loud barking. Old Tobit had himself led forth by the hand,

and as soon as he found his son he embraced him tenderly ; Anna kissed him, too, and they both shed tears of joy, thanking God, with grateful hearts, for restoring to them their son. Then young Tobias, following his fellow traveller's advice, took the fish-gall that he had brought with him, anointed his father's eyes with it, and the old man's sight was restored.

“ ‘ All the family were filled with gratitude for the good young man who had guided their son so safely on his journey, and who had given him such prudent and salutary advice. They all wished, by way of thanks, to bestow upon him half the wealth that Tobias had brought with him ; but he said to them : “ You must thank the Lord for all the good fortune that has occurred to you. I am not a man, as you believe, but an angel, sent by God to put an end to your misfortunes. The Lord was touched by your patience, your submission, and your confidence in him ; he has hearkened to the prayers offered up in the hour of your affliction : thank him, then—love him with all your heart, and serve him ever with all your might.” ’ So saying, the angel disappeared, and left them filled with gratitude and astonishment.

“ ‘ The good man, Tobit, lived to extreme old age, and saw his grandchildren’s children. His family were all happy, and continued to live in the fear of the Lord, and in obedience to his commandments.’ ”

## CHAPTER XXV.

## FILIAL PIETY.

MARGARET was overjoyed that Little-John should have learned to read so very well and in so short a time. She kissed him again, to show him how much she was pleased with him, and then said to him:—“Little-John, you have chosen there a beautiful story; why did you prefer reading that one to me?”

Little-John thought a moment, and answered: “I love young Tobit, because he was so obedient.”

*Louisa.* Yes, and a good God, who loves obedient children, rewarded him largely; for, through him, he consoled his parents, and restored the sight of his old father.

*Little-John.* Oh! how happy he must have been! When I grow up, I will make my dear grandmother and Louisa happy too.

*Margaret.* When you are grown, my child, I shall, in all probability, be no longer in this world; but God will bless you for your good intentions. You remember the commandment, “Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” You see he promises to recompense those who love and respect their parents; he grants them a long and happy life, and the joy of beholding their children in their turn re-

paying them the kindness and attention that they bestowed upon their own parents.

Little-John was of opinion that this commandment was not difficult to obey, and that God was very kind to reward us for loving our parents, a thing so easy and delightful. “But,” added he, “children that have bad parents, are they to love them too?”

*Margaret.* Yes, my boy; they must love them, respect them, and pray for them. If they perceive their defects, they must endeavor never to think of them, and, above all things, they should never mention them to others; but, on the contrary, do all they can to conceal them. When a child sees his parents doing wrong, he should not imitate, but pity them, and supplicate God to forgive them.

*Little-John.* Suppose wicked parents were to order their child to do wrong, what then?

*Margaret.* If sinful parents should order their children to do that which is evidently wrong and offensive to God, they ought not to obey. They should refuse humbly, but firmly, taking care not to lose sight of that respect which is always due to parents under all circumstances. Happily, such people are rare, and most parents give their children good advice, and set them good examples.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## IRON.

Good old Margaret was so much pleased with her grandchildren's good conduct, that she sought by every means in her power to gratify them. There was to be a celebration of some kind or other at a neighboring city, and she promised to take them there if the weather permitted.

The appointed day arrived, and the weather was magnificent. Little-John awoke full two hours before his usual time, and nothing but the fear of disturbing his grandmother prevented him from rousing everybody up an hour before daylight. Six o'clock came at last. Louisa had gotten her frock and new apron, and John's blue jacket all ready the day before. They were so eager to be off that they would have forgotten breakfast, if Margaret had not reminded them of it.

The celebration was superb: the military, the temperance societies, and the firemen marched through the streets with flags and banners flying, to the sound of martial music. The children were delighted. The procession over, they strolled about the town: never having seen a large city before, every thing that they met with excited their wonder. Louisa would stop before a drygoods store, and John would pull her away

to look at a toyshop. They were in admiration of all they saw. Margaret bought a small locket for Louisa, and Uncle Tom purchased a small spade for John. They were both transported with pleasure. Louisa suspended her locket to her neck by a narrow black velvet ribbon. Little-John shouldered his spade, and they all set off for home.

As they walked along, Little-John conversed with his sister: he talked of nothing but gardening; he declared that there was nothing in the world more useful or more convenient than a spade; "and look," said he, "how beautiful mine is! it's the very thing for a boy. Uncle Tom's is so heavy that I can barely drag it along, but this is just the thing; and how the iron shines!" Louisa admired with all her heart her brother's beautiful little spade. "And your locket," continued Little-John, "that is still prettier, for gold is more precious than iron."

"Little-John," said Uncle Tom, "if you had said that gold was rarer than iron, you would have been right; but certainly iron is the most precious."

*Little-John.* But gold is the most beautiful.

*Tom.* That is very true, it is more brilliant; but, consider a moment how much more useful iron is. To what purposes is gold applied? To the manufacture of jewelry, of ornaments, of plate, and other things, attainable only by the rich; but gold plate is not a whit more convenient than our common plates and earthen crockery. But as for iron—to what use is it not

applied ? It is alike indispensable to the rich and the poor ; agricultural implements of all kinds—spades, hoes, shovels, ploughs—are made of iron ; the carpenter's, the turner's, and the wheelwright's tools are all of iron. It is with iron that locks, bolts, hinges, &c., are made. What would become of us were we suddenly deprived of nails, of needles, of knives ?—all of these things are of iron. Among the savage nations that have been discovered, the most miserable and the most degraded were those that were deprived of the use of iron. Their unwieldy hatchets were made of stone ; unable to carve their meat, they tore it in pieces ; for needles they used fishbones ; for weapons, bows and swords made of hard wood. Be not astonished, then, if those tribes which are acquainted with the value of iron, without possessing it, should willingly give gold to obtain it.

*Little-John.* But why do not those people make iron ?

*Tom.* For a good reason, John ; iron is not to be made. You can conceive that there are things that cannot be made or manufactured, and which serve, on the contrary, to manufacture all other things. These things were created by God himself, and our business is to see how we can best turn them to account.

*Little-John.* You say we cannot make iron ; how do you procure it then ?

*Tom.* Iron is found in the earth, mixed with other

substances, from which it must be separated to turn it to account: when in this mixed state it is called ore. This ore is sometimes found in great quantities on the surface, where all that we have to do is to gather it up. Often also it is beneath the surface; in which case we are compelled to dig frequently to a considerable depth to obtain it: these excavations of the earth are called mines. But this impure iron would still be useless, unless separated from the foreign substances with which it is mixed. To effect this object fire is the agent. A large fire is kindled in a furnace made for the purpose; the ore is thrown in, and the melted iron runs from it in liquid streams, and is received into moulds prepared for its reception.

Conversing in this way, Uncle Tom and his young friends arrived at Margaret's cottage. A fire was soon kindled, supper prepared, and the party seated around the table, where they continued, as they ate, to discuss the events of the day. At length, Uncle Tom got up to take his departure for the night, when Little-John reminded him of a promise he had made him to take him a long walk into the country. Old Tom remembered the promise perfectly, and appointed the following Sunday for its fulfilment.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE LAMB.

THE following Sunday after church, Uncle Tom called at Margaret's. Little-John ran to meet him. "This is the day you promised to take me to walk, Uncle Tom," said he. "I have been to church, and grandma says I have been a good boy, so there is nothing to prevent your keeping your word."

*Tom.* It was certainly my intention, John ; for in little things as in great, whenever a promise is given, even to a child, it must be kept if possible : so we will set out, if you choose. But let us always look before we leap ; consider before setting forth how your promenade will end. Look at those large clouds concealing the sun ; feel how damp the air is : we shall certainly have rain ; indeed, I believe there are some drops falling now.

*Little-John.* You are right, Uncle Tom. I would not have you get wet on my account, nor would I expose myself to taking cold, and thus give trouble and anxiety to my good mother. If I could do her any good, or gratify her in any way, I would laugh at the hardest rain ; but, as it is, I will amuse myself with seeing the rain fall.

Little-John placed himself at the window, and watched the falling rain. It came down with tremendous

violence. A small stream, running near Margaret's, was soon converted into a rushing torrent. Little-John was delighted at seeing so much water.

"Louisa! Uncle Tom!" he exclaimed, "come here, come quick; see how the water tears along! There, there goes a bundle of straw; but, look yonder, what is that struggling in the water?" Without thinking of the rain, or his new coat, he darted out.

"What is the matter? where is he going?" cried Margaret, in alarm. "Little-John! Little-John!"

But Little-John heard nothing; he was running with all his might, and he was already up to his chin in the rushing stream. He soon struggled out, carrying in his arms a young lamb, that had been swept away by the current, and was on the point of drowning. He returned, nearly as quickly as he went, and laid the dripping lamb in the middle of the room.

"It is Mrs. Clarke's pet lamb," said he, "and I saved it from being drowned. There it is, begging to walk."

Margaret could not help scolding a little. Louisa kissed him for saving the life of such a pretty lamb, and soon put out dry clothes for him. As to old Tom, he saw every thing from the beginning, and without taking his eyes off his little friend, he allowed him to run out alone, being very much pleased to see the courage and adroitness that he displayed on the occasion. When the emotion caused in the family by this little event had subsided, Little-John, who was pleased with himself, and delighted to think of the pleasure he



should give Mrs. Clarke in restoring her lamb, commenced talking with Uncle Tom, and, as usual, plying him with questions ; only, on this occasion, he talked of the rain, as it reminded him of his achievement.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### RAIN.

*Little-John.* Tell me, Uncle Tom, what is the use of rain. It seems to me very annoying ; it prevents us from walking, it soaks the ground, it covers the roads with mud, and it was near drowning that poor lamb. I should prefer fine weather all the time, without ever having any rain at all.

*Tom.* I will answer your question directly, John. Tell me, first, why those beautiful pinks of Louisa's, that you had charge of, died this summer.

*Little-John.* Because, for two whole weeks, I forgot to water them.

*Tom.* Suppose, that during the two weeks, we had had such a shower as is falling now, do you think your pinks would have died ?

*Little-John.* No, certainly, Uncle Tom ; they would not have died, and Louisa would have had every day a beautiful pink, for they were full of buds.

*Tom.* Well, my child, you can understand how the rain could have repaired your negligence, and prevented the pinks from dying. Now tell me, what would become of the fields of wheat and corn from which we get out bread, if it were never to rain ? The stalks would wither, dry up, and die, as did your pinks, and we should no longer have any thing to eat. Vegetables, fruits, trees, forests, whence we get our fire and building wood, plants of every description, would perish ; for they absolutely require water to live, and rain furnishes them with this water so essential to their existence.

Observe the wisdom of the means provided by God's providence. Not only does rain fall at the proper time for the nourishment of plants, but it falls upon them drop by drop, so as not to bruise, break, or wash them away, as it inevitably would, were it to fall in heavy masses. From this too it results that the earth

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has time to imbibe the water to a great depth, and remain fresh and humid when it is not raining. Thus it is rain serves to make plants grow. But this is not all: it purifies and cools the air; it supplies springs and brooks, and consequently large rivers; in a word, it is by means of rain that water is distributed and spread upon the earth. Neither plants, animals, nor man can exist without water. Not only must you take water with your food, but you could not long survive in an atmosphere entirely devoid of moisture.

*Little-John.* Uncle Tom, I did not know all that. I see now that rain is very useful, though it is now and then rather disagreeable. I love to hear you explain these things, and if I were not afraid of being troublesome, I would ask you where the rain comes from, and how it is made.

*Tom.* It always gives me pleasure, my boy, to answer any of your questions that are reasonable. You know that when clothes are washed they are spread out in the sun to dry; you know, too, that when the kettle is left a long time on the fire the water diminishes in it by degrees, until it finally disappears. What becomes of the water that was in the wet clothes and in the kettle? You don't know. Well, I will tell you. It is reduced to vapor; that is to say, it is changed into a kind of air that we can neither touch nor see any more than the ordinary air we breathe. And what is wonderful, is that water turned into vapor, when it gets cold, becomes water again. For if we

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place a cold plate over a vessel full of hot water, the vapor soon collects on the cold surface in a multitude of small drops, which uniting become larger, and then fall. Well, it is precisely in this way that rain is formed.

The water in brooks, ponds, rivers, particularly that in seas that are so vast, is continually rising in vapor. This vapor spreads itself in the air, and is invisible. If a cold wind blows, it cools, and is formed into infinitely small drops, so small that they yet float, though we can see them, since they form the clouds. Then these clouds continuing to cool, the small drops unite and form larger ones, which, being heavier, fall by their weight in drops of rain. You must not think, though, that rain is only caused by a cold wind ; on the contrary, the warm winds bring us the most rain ; and this is easily understood. The warm air coming into a cooler region, the vapor it contains is changed by the cold into clouds and rain. When it is high in the air that the vapor cools, it forms the clouds that we see floating above our heads ; should it be near the earth that this occurs, as you may have often observed morning and evening in the valleys and low grounds, the clouds thus formed remain a greater or less time near the ground, and the weather is then said to be foggy or misty. Fog is, as you see, nothing more than clouds formed on the surface of the earth.

*Little-John.* Thank you, Uncle Tom. I think I understand how rain is made, and I see how useful it is ;

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still, if next week it could fall on any other day than Sunday, I should not be sorry.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE BURNT-HOUSE.

As it happened on the following Sunday, the weather was magnificent; and Uncle Tom, faithful to his promise, took his little friend a long walk from the village, to a small farm called the Burnt-house. Uncle Tom was welcomed like an old friend. Little-John was delighted to find himself in the midst of a band of little children, with whom he soon became acquainted, and enjoyed himself exceedingly. Towards evening all the family assembled around a table bountifully spread with rich milk, fresh bread, fine October peaches, and all the wholesome fare of a thriving farm. Little-John was very happy to be with this numerous and amiable family, and he only regretted that Louisa and his grandmother were not there to partake of his enjoyment.

At the table was another good old grandmother, nearly as old as Margaret, whose hair was still whiter, her son and son-in-law, stout good-natured farmers, their two wives, and seven or eight children. These people lived together in the greatest harmony, loving one another like brothers, and all, except the very

youngest, laboring zealously for the common good. Little-John, though very young, was struck with the evident happiness of these honest people, and he understood that their happiness was the greater, from there being the more of them under the same roof to love and assist each other ; and he felt in his heart an increase of the warm affection that he entertained for his sister and his grandmother.

After supper he shook hands with all the little boys and girls, allowed his pockets to be filled with chestnuts for Louisa, and with Uncle Tom took the road homeward. They walked for some time in silence,—the old sailor no doubt thinking over some of his old cruises, and Little-John repassing in his mind the names and the joyous faces of the little comrades that he had just left, when he stopped suddenly, and said : “ Uncle Tom, why do they call that farm the Burnt-house ?”

“ My boy,” said Tom, “ it is an old story that your grandmother can relate to you better than I, for I was not then in the village. She was not either ; but she was not far off, and she was the intimate friend of that good old lady who entertained us so kindly.”

Little-John related to Louisa the events of the day ; told her how much he had enjoyed himself, emptied his pockets into his grandmother’s apron, and asked her, even before taking a seat, why the farm was called the Burnt-house.

“ My child,” said Margaret, “ it is quite a simple

story, with nothing about it very extraordinary ; but it may teach you to commiserate the misfortunes of others, and to rely upon God's providence. The old grandmother of all those pretty children that you saw is named Anna ; her husband was killed by a fall from a tree.

“ She had been a widow two years, and had great difficulty in supporting herself and her two children by her daily labor. However, winter passed off, and spring came, and gave her some hope. But one night her house took fire. She jumped up in alarm, wrapped her children in their bedclothes, and escaped with them to the yard. She then shouted for help : the neighbors came, and did what they could ; but, water being scarce, the fire devoured every thing that the house contained. The linen, clothes, beds, furniture, the cow in an adjoining shed, every thing was consumed ; and when the fire at last went out, there was nothing left but the bare walls.

“ The neighbors, after endeavoring in vain to extinguish the fire, withdrew one after another to their homes ; and when the last was gone, poor Anna remained alone with her children, weeping over the ruins of what was once her home. Robert and Mary nestled up close to their mother, and wept at seeing her weep. They were cold ; and the night seemed very long. At length day broke ; Anna said : ‘ My children, let us pray to our Heavenly Father : our only hope is in him.’ They all three knelt, and repeated

together, '*Our Father, who art in heaven.*' In reciting the prayer, Anna stopped several times, and had great difficulty through her sobs in saying, '*Give us this day our daily bread.*'

"As they were finishing their prayer, Mary heard near her the cries of a bird apparently in distress. She turned around, and saw in a bush close by a bird's-nest. The twig upon which it rested had been broken off; the nest was upset, and the little birds were lying upon the ground almost dead with cold, and the mother-bird was fluttering anxiously around the bush, uttering cries of distress. Mary called her brother, and both being touched with compassion for the poor birds, they secured the nest on another limb, and carefully replaced the young ones. Then they took pleasure in witnessing the joy of the poor mother, who flew to them immediately, covered them with her wings, and warmed them under her feathers. Anna herself was for a moment diverted from her sorrows, and her tears ceased to flow in contemplating this good deed of her children. Seeing them smile, she said to herself: 'It is then true that the good that we do alleviates our sufferings;' and she took courage at witnessing this kind-hearted act of her children, for she thought that as they were so compassionate, God would not abandon them. At this moment she saw a lady coming across the meadow. The lady approached her, saying: 'My good Anna, come to my house. I heard of your misfortune last night, and I have come for you

and your children.' At the same time she beckoned to her servant, who was carrying a bundle of clothes, to approach. She clothed the children and their mother, and took them home with her, where she supplied them with all that they needed. She then led them into a good, comfortable bedroom, and said: 'Do not be uneasy, I will take care of you until you can provide for yourselves;' and as Anna and her children were pouring forth their grateful thanks, she continued: 'My friends, it is to God that your thanks are due, for it is from him that all our blessings flow. I also offer him thanks, for I am grateful and happy that he should make me his instrument in affording you relief; we must aid one another, you know, that God may aid us.'

"When the lady went out, Mary said to her brother: 'Do you remember the birds this morning? God charged us to relieve them; and thus it is with his creatures—he makes use of one to relieve another. Let us, then, love God, let us thank him for the good he does us, and let us, for the love of him, alleviate when we can the sufferings of his creatures; it is our only means of proving to him our love, and he will do unto us as we do unto others.'

"Anna thus generously assisted, returned to work with renewed energy. God blessed her efforts; and she was finally enabled to rebuild her house. But she determined that it should ever after bear the name of the Burnt-house, that her children and her grandchil-

dren might be reminded to pray for their benefactress, to rely in the hour of misfortune on the providence of God, and to compassionate the misfortunes of others."

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### CHRISTMAS.

ONE winter night, Margaret and her two children were seated near the fire ; it was very cold, the wind whistled without, and the fire burned clear and sparkling on the hearth. While the good old woman spun, Little-John was seated on a stool at her feet turning over the leaves of his Bible, looking at pictures that he had already seen a hundred times. He often interrupted his sister to ask her what the people were about that he saw in the pictures. Louisa, ever gentle, always replied to him kindly. When the little boy had seen every thing, he closed the book, and said : " Louisa, listen to the ringing of the bells : they have been going all the evening, and people have been firing guns and crackers. I should like to know what it is for."

*Louisa.* It is an old custom, in commemoration of Christmas-day. This is Christmas-eve, and to-morrow Christmas-day. You have learned from your catechism what happened on that day.

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*Little-John.* Yes, it is our Saviour's birthday. You have told me all about it, but I want to hear it again.

*Louisa.* Very well; be attentive now, for another time you will have to relate it to me. Joseph lived with the Virgin Mary in the city of Nazareth, where he followed the trade of a carpenter. They were obliged to go to another city called Bethlehem. As there were a great many people in this city, all the dwellings and all the taverns were full, so that a stable was the only place that Joseph and Mary could find to lodge in. It was there that the Virgin gave birth to the Saviour of the world. As soon as he was born, she wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger on a little straw. Near the city some shepherds were watching their flocks by night. On a sudden they saw around them a brilliant light, and they were alarmed, but at the same time they saw an angel, who said to them: "Fear nothing; for I am the messenger of glad tidings. There is born to you to-day in the city of Bethlehem a Saviour, who is Christ and the Lord. This is the sign by which you will recognise him: you will find a child enveloped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." As soon as the angel had spoken, the shepherds saw a great many angels join him, and they all praised God, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men." After that the angels disappeared, and the shepherds heard nothing more. Then they said to one another: "Let us go to Bethlehem, and see the

wonder that the Lord has made known to us." They went, and found the infant Jesus as the angel had told them.

*Little-John.* Can I be like our Saviour when he was small?

*Louisa.* Certainly you may, in many things, for our Saviour appeared as a child, that he might set us an example from childhood to manhood. He grew wiser and better every day as he grew older ; he was submissive to his parents, to show us that application and obedience are the virtues of childhood. Thus, John, if you are industrious, obedient, and good, he will love you.

*Little-John.* Grandma often says that our Lord loves little children ; how does she know it ?

*Louisa.* Because during his life, when his apostles repelled some little children that were pressing around him, he said to them : " Suffer little children to come unto me ;" and then he gave them his blessing. Although we can no longer see him now, he is still the same ; from heaven above he looks down upon good children, blesses and protects them.

*Little-John.* You, Louisa, you are not a child now ; what will you say to our Saviour in your prayers to-night ?

*Louisa.* I will thank him that he consented to live in this world in poverty, and that he consented to earn by his labor his daily bread, that he might comfort and encourage the poor. I will tell him that since he loves

the poor, I do not complain that poverty has been my lot ; and I will only ask him to give me the grace to be always good, industrious, and obedient to my mother.

*Little-John.* Does our Saviour love the poor too ?

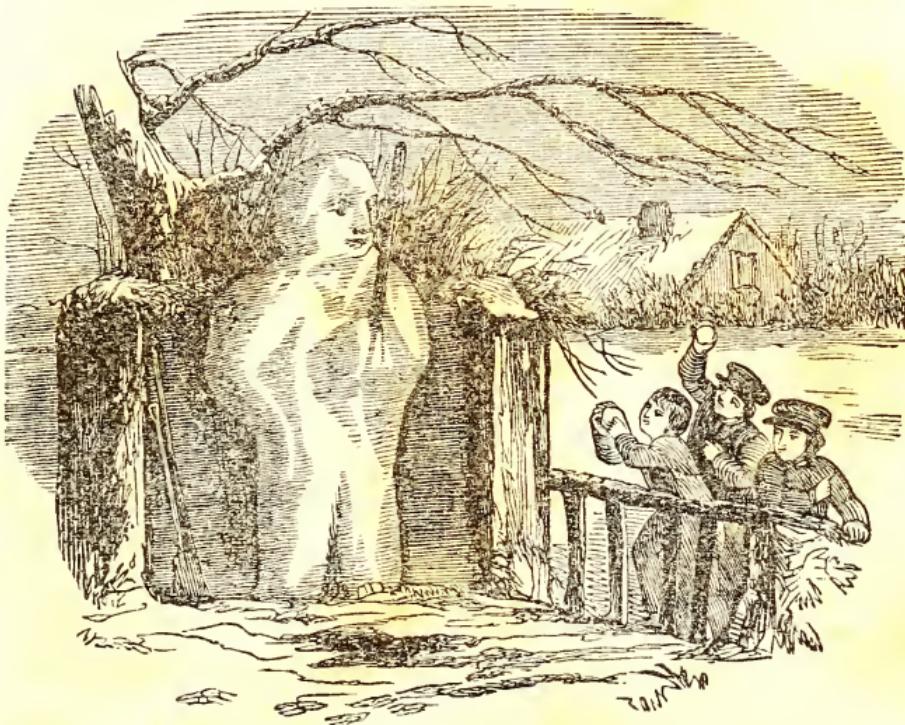
*Louisa.* Yes, John ; you have just seen that his father and mother were poor, and that when he was born he sent an angel to the poor shepherds to announce his coming. Most of his apostles and friends were poor people, and he himself was very poor, since all the cradle he had was a manger and a little straw, and he was compelled to labor for a livelihood, and was indebted to charity for a burial. But he loves the poor that are honest, industrious, and contented with their lot. As for the idle, and those who murmur at their lot, or are envious of the rich, he loves them not.

*Little-John.* Since God loves the poor he does not love the rich, does he ?

*Louisa.* Not those that are avaricious, harsh, and proud ; but those that are good and charitable are as much beloved as the poor. For you see it is not because we are poor or rich that God loves us ; but it is only on account of the good that we do. God loves all men alike ; but it often happens that the rich, possessing the means of self-gratification, are more exposed to temptation. And the poor should be contented in their poverty, as it often saves them from the temptation to sin.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## SNOW.



The Snowman.

"OH how it snowed last night!" exclaimed Little-John one morning as he awoke ; "every thing is white. Look, Louisa ! every thing is covered—the houses and the fields and the trees. Oh ! what fun I shall have throwing snowballs at the folks as they go by !"

*Louisa.* You are going to snowball people, John ! It must be some bad boy that put that notion in your

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head ; would you be glad to see mischievous boys throwing snowballs at grandmother ?

*Little-John.* Grandmother ! no, indeed ! Well, then, I will not throw any at old people, or little girls.

*Louisa.* Take my advice, John, and do not throw at anybody, unless it be in fun with your schoolfellows, and then you should be careful not to hurt and make them angry.

Little-John promised not to throw snowballs, kissed Louisa, and went out. He was to go that day to help Uncle Tom to pick up wood for a poor woman in the village, who was sick, and without fire to cook or warm herself by. As he walked along, he kept looking behind him to see his footprints in the snow. At last he got to Uncle Tom's, gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and started with him for the woods. As they were going out of the house, Little-John, seeing Uncle Tom's face very pale, asked him if he was sick.

*Tom.* No, my boy, I am not sick : if I appear pale, it is the natural effect of the sun ; you appear as much so as I do. When you throw your ball against a wall, it is thrown back by the wall, and returns to you ; so it is with light when it falls on a white surface,—like your ball, it is thrown back. This effect is called the reflection of light ; and it is this reflection of light on the snow that makes us appear pale.

*Little-John.* Uncle Tom, all this snow was not here yesterday ; where does it come from ?

*Tom.* You know how rain is made. You remem-

ber I told you that water, reduced to vapor, spreads itself through the air, until it meets a wind sufficiently cold to turn it again to water ; but when the cold is still greater, the very small drops of which the clouds are composed become frozen, and, several uniting together, fall in the shape of snowflakes.

*Little-John.* I understand. Is snow as useful as rain ?

*Tom.* Yes ; snow is particularly useful in protecting delicate plants and such seeds as are sown before winter. It covers them, and preserves them from contact with the air, and thus saves them from freezing in intensely cold weather. It is true, that it is, at times, attended with inconvenience ; sometimes, by covering the surface of the earth so deep as to prevent animals from getting their food, they are exposed to perish with hunger. In some countries, travelling becomes difficult and dangerous, from the roads being covered ; but in mountainous countries more than elsewhere. Snow is sometimes the cause of dreadful accidents. As the air becomes colder the higher we ascend, you can easily conceive that the snow that falls upon very high mountains never melts. It accumulates in immense masses, which now and then detach themselves, and roll down into the valleys with a thundering noise ; crushing, in their fall, men, animals, trees, and houses. Entire villages have been buried under these masses of snow rolling from the mountains ; they are what are called avalanches.

*Little-John.* I would not like to live in such a country ; I should always be afraid of being crushed by the snow. And then when it falls from the tops of the mountains, where it is so cold, into the valleys that are so much warmer, it must melt suddenly, and inundate the whole country.

*Tom.* That is very good reasoning, John ; I like to see you reflect upon what you learn. This time, unfortunately, you are mistaken, because you do not know that ice and snow require so much heat to thaw, that even in a warm climate they remain for a considerable time before they are completely melted. As to your fear of living in such countries and being crushed by the snow, everybody is not like you. There have been men found, who, for the love of God and their fellow-beings, have abandoned friends and country, and gone to reside on these frozen mountains. They are the monks of Mount St. Bernard. They have built a house on the summit of a mountain of that name ; and there the sole object of their existence is to succor travellers exhausted by fatigue or lost in the snow. They have trained for this purpose large dogs, that possess a strength and intelligence truly surprising. These dogs traverse in bad weather the different mountain-paths, carrying, attached to their necks, a small basket, containing brandy and food. As soon as one of them meets a traveller, he presents him the basket, and then walks before, and leads him to the hospital. But if it happens that a man falls over one

of those precipices concealed by the snow, of which there are so many in the mountains, the dog scents him, runs immediately to the house, and, by his loud barking, warns the monks ; they, always on the alert, issue forth, provided with ladders and ropes, and, following the dog, descend the precipice, at the risk of perishing themselves. When they succeed in drawing the unfortunate traveller from the snow, bruised, and half dead with cold, they take him to their house, and there nurse and watch over him with the tenderness of brothers, until he is entirely restored ; and this without inquiring whether he be rich or poor, and without the slightest charge for all their kindness ; on the contrary, if the rescued man be poor, they give him alms and provide him with provisions to continue his route.

*Little-John.* Oh ! Uncle Tom, how good the monks of St. Bernard are to do so !

*Tom.* You are right, John ; they offer a striking example of the courage, the charity, and the devotion that the religion of Jesus Christ can inspire in men for their fellow-beings. We, too, are Christians, my dear child ; and if we cannot do as much as they for our fellow-beings, yet we should never let an opportunity escape of doing what we can for their welfare.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## THE FAGOT OF WOOD.

TALKING thus as they went, Uncle Tom and his little comrade arrived at the wood, and commenced gathering the dead limbs blown off by the wind. Little-John, at first, went very briskly to work, but he was soon tired. He thought it tiresome and fatiguing to be trudging about and dipping his hands in the cold snow to get a few withered sticks ; it appeared to him much more convenient to cut from the standing trees whatever he wanted. But Uncle Tom said to him : "We must not touch the trees, we have not permission."

*Little-John.* What harm will there be ? we will take so little.

*Tom.* If every one in the village were to reason as you do, the little that each one would take would amount to a great deal ; and, besides, let it be ever so little, it would still be theft, as these woods do not belong to us.

*Little-John.* But the owner of these woods is so rich ! He never comes here ; and it is such a small matter, these dead limbs that we are allowed to pick up.

*Tom.* You imagine, then, that because a man is rich we are allowed to take what belongs to him ? Doubtless it would be a still greater crime to rob the

poor, who have scarcely any thing ; but it is still cowardly and wrong to steal from the rich. Instead of finding fault with the owner of these woods because he abandons to the poor the dead wood, ought we not to be grateful to him for allowing us to take that which he has a perfect right to keep for himself ?

*Little-John.* But everybody takes the growing wood. Only the day before yesterday I saw old Mrs. Dubois' grandson taking home a turn of green wood.

*Tom.* If what you say is true, it is very deplorable ; but do you be careful not to imitate such a bad example. Because among your playfellows there are many that are idle and mischievous, is that any reason that you should be so ?

*Little-John.* Certainly not.

*Tom.* Well, then, because there are people in the village who do that which they ought not to do, and who are guilty of what is really a theft, must we, on that account, become as criminal as they ? On the contrary, our duty is to teach them better by setting them an example of probity, and of that respect which all honest people must have for the property of others. Listen ; I will tell you an anecdote from sacred history that Louisa, perhaps, has not yet related to you, and it will show you how God sometimes punishes, in this world, those who unjustly seize upon the property of others.

## STORY OF NABOTH.

“Ahab reigned in Israel, with his wife, the cruel Jezebel. Ahab was wealthy and powerful. He had a beautiful palace, and his gardens were splendid. But he desired to make them larger, and for that purpose, he wished to get possession of an adjoining vineyard belonging to a poor man. He sent for the man, and said to him: ‘Sell me your vineyard; I will pay you well for it: or, if you like it better, I will give you another in exchange.’ Naboth replied to him: ‘I do not wish to sell my vineyard, because it belonged to my father, and I wish my children to hold it after my death.’ Ahab did what he could to persuade Naboth, but the latter steadily refused to part with his beloved vineyard. Then Ahab returned to his palace. His wife, Jezebel, observing that he was vexed, asked him what was the matter. He told her that Naboth had refused to let him have the vineyard, and that he was very sorry for it, because he had set his heart on getting it. Jezebel laughed at him, saying: ‘Truly, your power is great indeed, that you cannot get that vineyard! Do you be easy; I will undertake to get it for you.’ This wicked queen wrote to the magistrates of the city of Jezreel, where Naboth lived, and ordered them to bribe false witnesses to swear that they had heard Naboth blaspheme God and the king, and to put him to death. Though this was a falsehood, Jezebel was obeyed, so much were they in fear

of her cruelty and power. Naboth was stoned to death. As soon as she heard it, she went and said to Ahab: 'You may take Naboth's vineyard, for he is dead.' Ahab went immediately to look at the vineyard; but while he was there, the prophet Elijah came, and said to him: 'You have killed Naboth and seized



upon his property. Now listen to what the Lord says: "I will visit you with the deepest affliction, and I will exterminate your whole family. Dogs shall devour the body of Jezebel on the very spot where they licked the blood of Naboth." Soon after, God executed these terrible threats. Ahab died in battle, and all his fami-

ly were destroyed. Jezebel was thrown, by her enemies, from a window of her palace, and her body abandoned to the dogs and devoured."

After this story, Little-John continued to converse with Uncle Tom, and was so occupied with asking him questions, and listening to his answers, that he no longer thought of the fatigue of stooping, or of cold hands. At last their pile of wood grew so large, that they thought of returning home. As Little-John wanted to carry his share, Uncle Tom tied up a small bundle for him, which he shouldered. The old man took the remainder, which made quite a heavy load, and they soon arrived at the poor woman's house. Little-John went to work immediately to kindle the fire, and while he was about it, he overheard the sick woman talking about him to Uncle Tom. She was saying: "He is a good child—God will reward him." And then, again, "Margaret must be very happy." When the fire was made, Little-John said to his old friend: "I must go now, for grandmother told me to return early, and she is so kind, that I should be sorry to disobey her. Good-by, Uncle Tom."

Little-John returned home. During the night, he dreamed that he heard the poor sick woman's voice saying: "God will bless him!—Margaret must be very happy!" And when he awoke in the morning, he was as happy as he could be.

## CHAPTER XXXIII:

## THE HALF-DOLLAR.

SOME days afterwards, as Little-John was crossing the road, on his way from school, he saw a gentleman mounted on a beautiful horse, followed by a man on horseback also, who appeared to be his servant. The little boy stopped to admire the beautiful animal as he pranced proudly along. Suddenly he saw him rear, and start violently to one side ; the gentleman lost his stirrups, and was thrown with violence upon a heap of stones. His servant ran to him immediately ; and John ran, too, as fast as he could, to see if he was hurt. He was so stunned by the fall as to be senseless. Little-John thought immediately of going for water to a neighboring spring. He ran, without waiting to be told, filled his cap with water, and returned just as the traveller opened his eyes. He took some of the water, washed his face, and gradually came to himself. He was not seriously injured—only a bruise on the forehead. He tied up his head in his handkerchief, and prepared to continue his route ; but before mounting, he gave Little-John many thanks for his kindness, and asked him some questions about his parents, and gave him a beautiful new half-dollar.

John ran immediately to show this treasure to his

grandmother and his sister. When he had told them of his adventure, Margaret said to him—

“ Little-John, the gentleman’s generosity was very well; yet what you did did not deserve any reward. It is so natural to assist our fellow-creatures, and to relieve those that are in want of our help, that there are none but the wicked and the hard-hearted who refuse to do it. Be careful, my child, never to render a service of the kind in the hope of being paid for it. The deed would be unacceptable to God, and despicable in the eyes of men. However, I do not reproach you; you have accepted what was given you, and that was nothing more than right. Now you may keep this money, and do what you choose with it; it is yours.”

So Little-John kept the half-dollar: now and then he would take it out of his pocket to look at it, and then he would think how he should spend it.

Two or three days after Margaret remarked that he had ceased talking about it. She said to him: “ John, where is your money?”

Little-John blushed, and replied in a confused way that he had lost it. Poor Margaret’s eyes were old, and she could not see very well, but accustomed as she was to read her grandson’s heart, she perceived at once that he was not telling the truth. She was grieved, but asked no more questions, for fear of making him tell more falsehoods; but she was sad for the remainder of the day. That night after supper she

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made Louisa bring her the Family Bible. She opened it, and gave her the following story to read :

#### STORY OF ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

“ After the death of our Saviour the apostles commenced preaching. A great many Jews became Christians : they were baptized, and after receiving baptism, they did nothing but serve God with all their hearts. Many among them sold their houses and their lands, and brought the money to the apostles. All this money was put into a common purse for the support of all the Christians, rich and poor, who lived together as one family. There was among them a man named Ananias and his wife Sapphira, who sold their land. When they received the money for it, they resolved to retain a portion for themselves, and to give the remainder to the apostles ; but in order to appear not less generous than the others, they agreed to say that it was all. Ananias went to Peter with the money. Then St. Peter said to him : ‘ Ananias, how has the devil tempted you, that you should tell a lie to the Holy Ghost, and withhold a part of the money ? Could you not have kept your field, if you wished it ? and after having sold it, had you not a perfect right to do what you chose with the money ? How is it possible that you should have conceived such a design, for you have not lied to man but to God ? ’ At these words Ananias fell dead upon the spot, and some young men took out his body and buried it.

“About three hours after Sapphira came in, not knowing what had happened. Peter said to her, ‘Woman, have you sold your land for such a price?’ naming the sum that Ananias said he had received for it. ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘that is all we got for it.’ Then Peter said to her: ‘How is this? have you agreed with your husband to lie about it? The people who buried your husband are still at the door; they will bury you likewise.’ Immediately she fell at his feet and expired. The young men coming in found her dead, and carried her out and buried her near her husband.”

“What a frightful story, grandma!” said Louisa, as she closed the book; “it must then be a great sin to lie?”

*Margaret.* You see that it is, my child, since God punishes it so terribly. All vices are hateful, but none more vile or more despicable than this: a lie is an act of cowardice.

Little-John was brave; and the old sailor had taught him that there was nothing more shameful than cowardice: he exclaimed—“How can it be cowardly, grandma? I do not understand.”

*Margaret.* I will explain it to you, my son. Cowards are those who are prevented by fear from doing their duty; it is the duty of all men to tell the truth; liars conceal it through fear of some evil which prevents their avowing it. You see, then, that a liar is a coward, and he is despised by his fellow-men, and con-

demned by his God. The mouth that utters a lie is an abomination in the sight of God, says the sage, and he who lies will not escape the justice of the Lord.

*Little-John.* Oh ! grandmother, when one has had the misfortune to tell a falsehood, what must be done to obtain God's forgiveness ?

*Margaret.* My child, the fault must be acknowledged, and a firm resolution taken never to open the mouth except to tell the truth.

"Well then, dear grandma," said Little-John, taking the old woman's hand, "forgive me ; I told you a lie."

*Margaret.* And why, my child, did you deceive me ? Have you then no confidence in me ? Am I not your best friend ? If you did wrong, you should have avowed it to me, and I would have aided you to make amends for it ; on the contrary, by lying, you added a sin to the wrong already committed.

*Little-John.* But, grandma, I did nothing wrong. Here is how it happened. The other day, as I was going to school, I met William and his little brother James. You know how ragged their clothes are. They were both of them sitting on the fence, and they looked very sorrowful, for they were very cold. I said to them : "What is the matter, boys ? why don't you come to school now ?" William said : "We have not had any breakfast ; there is no bread at our house." Then I said : "Here, William, take my dinner, I can go without ; I ate a hearty breakfast this morning." They took all I had in my basket, and you never saw

boys eat so. As I was going away, I looked at little James's feet; they were blue with cold, and full of chilblains. It made me sorry to look at them. I had my half dollar in my pocket, and as you had told me that I might do what I chose with it, I had made up my mind to buy chesnuts, and raisins, and almonds with it, so as to give all the boys in school some. But when I saw little James's feet, I said to myself: "Nuts, and raisins, and almonds will do the boys very little good; but if James had a pair of shoes his feet would get well." Then I did not buy any nuts, and in coming from school I stopped at William's house, and called him out, and gave him my half-dollar, and told him to tell his mother to buy a pair of shoes with it for little James; and I did not want to tell you about it, because I heard you tell Louisa one day, that when we did a good action we ought never to talk about it.

*Margaret.* God will bless you as I do, my child; you have been kind and generous. You repay me to-day for all the trouble and anxiety that I have had on your account. I can die now; the poor that may pass through this village will always find a piece of bread at old Margaret's door. My God, I thank you that you have given me a child with a charitable heart. He will not be useless upon the earth, and however poor he may be, he will always know how to be useful to others.

And the good old woman shed tears of joy as she pressed Little-John to her heart.

At last she said : "I must reprove you, my dear child, nevertheless. It is very true that we should not be forward to speak of the good we do. Our Saviour said, that when we give alms, our left hand must not know what our right hand does ; but nevertheless, we must not lie to conceal a good action. Remember, my child, that nothing in the world should induce you to speak against the truth, not even to save your life. Certainly, you are not obliged to reply to all the questions that indiscreet or designing persons may ask you ; you should give them to understand that you will not tell them your secret, for we should always talk with prudence and discretion : but if you do talk, never deceive any one, not even those that may be ill disposed to you. It is too late to-night, but to-morrow Louisa will tell you the story of a man who preferred death to telling a lie."

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### STORY OF ELEAZER.

THE following day, when evening came, Little-John took a seat near Louisa, and placed himself with his arms crossed, in the attitude of a person listening. Louisa understood at once what he wanted, and without making him wait, commenced the following story :

“A little more than a hundred and fifty years before the birth of our Saviour, a prince named Antiochus made himself master of the country of the Jews. This was one of the most cruel men ever seen. He was not content, like other pagans, with worshipping false gods himself, but did all he could to compel his subjects to do so too ; and he hated the Jews bitterly on account of their religion. He accordingly forbade them all to observe the laws of Moses, and to pray to God, as was the custom of their fathers, and he punished with death those that disobeyed. Notwithstanding, a great many Jews preferred risking their lives to acting against their conscience, and they continued to adore the true God, and to follow his precepts.

“Among them was a venerable old man, aged ninety years, named Eleazer. They tried to force him to eat meat that had been offered up to the false gods, and which was forbidden by the law of Moses. But he said : ‘From my youth I have served God faithfully, and it is not at my age that I will commence to disobey him.’ Then they condemned him to death. His friends, penetrated with grief, and full of pity for his great age, came and said to him : ‘Do you only pretend to eat their meat : we will bring some other, that we will put in the place of that which is forbidden : these bad people will think that you have done what they want, and so you will save your life.’ But he answered them : ‘No, I will not be guilty of such deceit. I will not dishonor my gray hairs by an act

of cowardice. I will not set such a bad example to the young men, who will think too that I disobeyed God, and may be induced on that account to do so likewise.' And so this holy and venerable man was led to execution, and in dying he exclaimed: 'My God, you behold the tortures that I endure; but I am content to suffer for your glory.'

"You see, John," added Louisa, "what a horror this holy man had for deceit; and see, too, how much he feared to set a bad example: it is because he knew that we ourselves are guilty of the sins that others commit, induced by our example."

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

### CLOTHES.

LOUISA was almost grown. She was gentle, good, and obedient, the joy and pride of her grandmother. Margaret often said to her—

"My daughter, you will not be rich; at my death, I will have nothing to leave you but my advice and my blessing. The only fortune of a poor girl is her character and her industry. Be then industrious, my dear child; thus you will keep from want, and remain virtuous and happy. Take care, too, my dear, not to acquire a fondness for dress and vain ornaments; a

girl is little thought of who is seen occupied with such trifles, and many there are who by this single propensity have been led to shame and all kinds of misfortune. If you are discreet and good, you will be sufficiently adorned by your virtues. Let every thing in and around you indicate order, cleanliness, decency; let your behavior be modest and reserved: these are the true ornaments of a Christian girl."

Louisa always listened to her grandmother attentively, and she profited much by her lessons. Her clothes were plain, but clean and neat; her hair always well kept; her dress of brown linen, well made and well put on; her collar white and well plaited. There reigned over her whole person an air of neatness, at the same time of grace and gentleness, that won all who approached her. Every year, about Christmas, Margaret bought new clothes for her two children. When Little-John got on his new pants, his new blue jacket with its bright buttons, his shoes, and his new hat, he was all happiness. But he was not one of those idle and heedless children who pay no attention to any thing: Uncle Tom had taught him to think and reflect upon all that he saw. He asked Louisa what cloth was made of. She said to him:—

" You remember, John, that at the beginning of summer, last year, they sheared all the sheep?"

*Little-John.* Oh yes! They were tied by the feet, and they cut off their wool with large scissors. I remember how chilly the poor things looked after-

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wards, and they did not seem to know what to do with themselves.

*Louisa.* Well, what do you think they wanted to do with all the wool that was cut off the sheep?

*Little-John.* I asked, and they told me that they would wash it well and then make mattresses of it.

*Louisa.* True; but wool does not serve only to make mattresses; it is spun like flax and made into bedquilts, carpets, and all sorts of fine and beautiful things. It is also manufactured into cloth like that your jacket is made of.

*Little-John.* But how do they make it blue?

*Louisa.* That is the dyer's work: he prepares the colors so as to make them lively and lasting, and in them he soaks either the spun wool or the stuff they wish dyed. As to the colors, they are made of different things: blue, for instance, is obtained from a plant grown in warm climates, called indigo; red is made from a small insect found upon a plant growing in Mexico and other parts of South America, or it is made from the root of a plant that grows very well with us, called madder; and a variety of colors are extracted from different kinds of bark, seeds, wood, and metals; and probably just to dye the flowers on your handkerchief, it was necessary to use a great many things that we do not even know the names of.

*Little-John.* And my muslin handkerchief—is that made of wool?

*Louisa.* No, your cravat is made of cotton. Cotton

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is a species of down, that covers the seeds of a plant that grows in great abundance in our southern states. When the fruit is ripe it bursts open, and the soft white down hangs out like snowflakes. This is gathered and taken to a machine called a gin, which separates it from the seed: then it is manufactured into different kinds of goods, such as muslin, calico, and so on.

*Little-John.* Oh, I know how that is done: I have seen them in the mills.

*Louisa.* From the manufactured cotton, shirts, sheets, towels, and handkerchiefs are made.

*Little-John.* Now for my hat, Louisa—where does that come from? and my shoes, how are they made?

*Louisa.* I don't know much about it; for though I am older than you are, John, I have yet much to learn. It seems to be the same with everybody, even those that know the most; the more we learn, the more evident our ignorance becomes to us, and we are constantly discovering new things that we are ignorant of, and that we would wish to know. Thus we have always some acquisition to make. You, particularly, as one of these days you will be a man, must learn as you grow; you must notice every thing around you, read good books in your leisure moments, and question those that know more than you do.

“Well spoken, Louisa!” said Uncle Tom, who had approached the children without their perceiving it, they were so much engaged in their conversation.

“ You are very right, my child. Even I, old as I am, learn something every day. A reasonable man ought to acquire some knowledge every day of his life ; and what is there more delightful or more useful, when the labor of the day is done, than to employ the rest of the time in self-instruction ? We qualify ourselves, in this way, to be useful to others and to ourselves ; and we experience the greatest delight in understanding the wonders of nature and the ingenious inventions of man, and in studying and imitating the works of God. Believe me, then, John, and follow Louisa’s advice. Now tell me what you were talking about.”

*Little-John.* I was asking Louisa how leather is made, and what my new hat with long fur is made of.

*Tom.* Leather is made of the skin of a horse, ox, calf, sheep, or any other animal of the kind, steeped in a substance extracted from the bark of oaks and some other trees. For this purpose, the skins are placed for several months in vats filled with water and ground bark ; this is termed tanning, because the substance in the bark is called tannin. Thus tanned, the skin is more pliant and lasting ; in a word, it is leather.

*Little-John.* And my hat ?

*Tom.* Hats are made of the fur of rabbits or other animals, strongly pressed or crowded together. Fur has the property of sticking together when thus worked, and forming what is called felt. This material, when warm and wet, is soft and pliant ; it is

usually dyed black, and moulded into shape by allowing it to dry upon a block of the required form. The most valuable and beautiful hats are made of the fur of the beaver; very beautiful hats are also made of silk.

*Little-John.* What is silk?

*Tom.* Ask Louisa. She knows; for I believe she once reared silkworms.

But Louisa had gone to clean up the house against her grandmother's return; and John walked gravely up and down the room, his admiration for his new clothes increased, if possible, since he had learned how each article was made. But a few weeks after, an accident happened to his fine new coat; it was torn in several places. The way in which it happened was as follows.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE FIGHT.

ONE Sunday, Margaret told John to dress himself nicely in his new clothes, and to go and see the clergyman of a neighboring village, who had promised to lend her some books. She warned him particularly not to lose time on the road, to be sure to arrive in time for church, and not to approach nearer than he could help to a pond along which the road passed.

John set out, quite proud to walk through the village in his new clothes. When he met any of his acquaintance, he bowed to them politely, though he took good care not to injure, as he did so, the rim of his new hat; and he avoided the dust and the mud for fear of soiling his shoes and pants.

He got along smoothly until he reached the pond, and there, as his grandmother had told him, he took the far side of the road without approaching the edge; but as he got near the end of the pond, where the water was shallow, he saw four or five of the village boys hard at work, endeavoring to launch a boat that had been drawn high up on the shore. Though they had not obtained permission, they wished to set it afloat in order to row about the pond; but, as the boat was very heavy, they found it hard work. As soon as they espied John, they shouted to him to come and help them. Little-John stopped for a moment to look at them; he thought it was fine sport, but, remembering Margaret's advice, he was about to continue his route, when the boys ran up and surrounded him, saying: "Come along, Little-John—come; we will have such fun!" John replied to them that he wished to get to church in time, and that his grandmother had forbidden him to go near the pond. Then these bad boys laughed at him, advising him to remain with them, and to lie to his grandmother to prevent her from finding it out. John had a horror of lying. He colored up and said: "I will neither lie nor be disobe-

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dient: I will go to church, for this is Sunday." And he was proceeding on his way; but one of the boys—the same fellow that, a long time before, had knocked him down and upset his apples in the mud—barred his way, saying: "Let us make him go; pull him along, boys—I will push him."

Little-John was not the strongest. In vain he cried out, "Let me alone, you will tear my coat; I will not go." In vain he struggled; he was dragged towards the boat. Then he allowed himself to be led some steps without resistance; but when they got near a ditch that they had to cross before reaching the boat, he gave those in front of him a vigorous push, so suddenly that they fell over into the ditch; then turning quickly, he struck the big fellow behind him a severe blow between the eyes before he had time to defend himself. He profited by his astonishment to give him a heavy fall; picked up his hat, which had fallen in the contest, and set off on his journey. The boys, astonished and somewhat intimidated, contented themselves with abusing him at a distance, and throwing a few stones at him.

When he arrived at the church he hid himself, to repair, as well as he could, the damage that his clothes had received: his coat was torn, two of the buttons were pulled off, and his hat and pantaloons all covered with mud. He was heartily ashamed of his appearance, and somewhat sorry at allowing himself to have been made so angry. Still, he thought it better as it

was than if he had disobeyed his grandmother, broken the Sabbath, and remained away from church ; and in saying his prayers, when he came to the words, “ Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who have sinned against us,” he did sincerely and with all his heart forgive the bad boys who had treated him so cruelly.

After church, he could not muster courage, in the condition that he was in, to call on the clergyman, but returned home as speedily as possible, very much crestfallen and ashamed of his appearance. Old Tom was there.

“ Why, John, what a pickle you are in !” exclaimed his old friend ; “ where have you been, my son ? have you had a fight ?” Margaret and Louisa were not less astonished or uneasy. Little-John commenced simply to tell them all that had occurred ; and when he got to where he managed to get rid of the boys so well, “ Bravo ! well done, John !” cried old Tom ; “ give me your hand ;” and the old man shook him heartily by the hand. “ Never seek a quarrel, my boy, but always stand up for your rights. What if your coat is a little torn ? Louisa will mend it to-morrow : you are an honest and brave boy, for you withstood temptation and the example of those bad boys, who failed to persuade you to do what was wrong ; you need not be ashamed, for you fought bravely. I will tell you now of a battle, in which the weakest party, having right and justice on their side, triumphed over the strongest.”

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John was caressed and praised by his grandmother and sister; he ran up-stairs, put on his everyday clothes, and returned in high spirits to hear Uncle Tom's story.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### HISTORY OF THE MACCABEES.

*Tom.* Louisa related to you the story of Eleazer, who, rather than tell a falsehood, suffered death?

*Little-John.* Yes, Uncle Tom, not long ago.

*Tom.* Do you remember the king Antiochus, who ordered him to be put to death?

*Little-John.* O yes! I remember he was a very bad man.

*Tom.* Well, this cruel prince, enraged at the Jews for adhering to their holy religion, went to Jerusalem with a large army, and took possession of the city, and ordered his soldiers, during three days, to butcher all the inhabitants they could lay hands on—men, women, and children. He defiled the temple with all sorts of crime and debauchery, stripped it of its ornaments and sacred vessels, and established within it the worship of idols and false gods.

The wretched Jews fled to caverns to worship God, and when they had assembled in great numbers, the

tyrant's soldiers kindled large fires at the mouths of the caverns, and suffocated or burnt their miserable inmates.

Then an old man, named Mattathias, retired with his family to the town of Modin. The king's officers followed them, to compel such Jews as had taken refuge there, to the worship of their false gods. They attempted to bribe Mattathias and his children to compliance, promising him the friendship of the king, together with unbounded wealth. But Mattathias replied: "I will have none of your false gods; should you succeed in getting all my countrymen to submit to your injustice, yet I, my sons, and my brothers will ever remain faithful to our religion, and to the laws of God." At the same time, he drew his sword, slew the officer, overthrew the altar erected to the false gods, and cried out: "Let all the faithful follow me!" and he fled with his sons to the mountains. A number of brave Jews joined him, and they formed a small army, which began to make head against the enemy, and to destroy the idolatrous temples. However, Mattathias, feeling that he must soon die, called his sons about him, and said to them: "We are now in the hour of trial, but you must not despair. Put your trust in God, for he never abandons the faithful. Simon, your brother, is a man of sound judgment, follow his advice, and let him be to you as a father. Judas Maccabeus is full of courage, let him command your army." Mattathias blessed his children, and died.

Judas Maccabeus took his father's place. Assisted by his brothers and friends, he succeeded in assembling six thousand men. With this small army, he went from city to city, driving out the pagans, and defeating the military detachments that he encountered in the open country. The fame of his exploits spread far and near, and the enemy became alarmed. Two large armies marched against him; he defeated them, and slew their generals. The king of Syria, enraged at their brave resistance, resolved to destroy the Jewish nation. He assembled another army of fifty thousand men, gave the command to an able general, named Nicanor, and ordered him to march against the Jews. The Jewish army numbered but six thousand men, and when those that were faint-hearted were allowed to withdraw, it was reduced to three thousand. Every one expected it to be crushed. Judas and his brothers never faltered. They assembled their soldiers, and said to them: "Do not fear this multitude. The strength of armies does not consist in numbers, but in God's protection, and God is with us. These people come to despoil us, to exterminate ourselves, our wives, and our children; let us show, then, if it be necessary, how brave men can die for their country and their religion." They then offered up a prayer to heaven, called upon the God of Israel for assistance, and attacked the enemy. Must I tell you all that happened?

*Little-John.* Oh! yes; do, Uncle Tom, tell us all that occurred. What will the poor Jews do?

*Tom.* Judas Maccabeus had stationed his small army in front of the enemy's camp, on the look-out for what would occur, when he learned that Nicanor had sent an able officer, named Georgias, with five thousand infantry and a thousand horse, the flower of his troops, to make a circuit and attack the Jews in the rear, while he himself, with the main body of the army, was to attack them in front. The Jews seemed lost.

Then Judas took a sudden resolution ; instead of waiting to be surrounded, he ordered his troops to dash at once into the enemy's camp, and set fire to it. Nicanor's troops, astounded at seeing themselves thus attacked by people that they thought already half dead with fear, and alarmed at the flames that spread rapidly from tent to tent, were seized with a panic, and fled with the utmost confusion, throwing down and crushing each other in their flight. Instead of pursuing them, Judas, remembering Georgias and his strong detachment, prepared to receive him. This last, when he reached the Jewish camp, was surprised to find it deserted. He imagined that Judas had fled, and after vain efforts to find him in the mountains, he was returning with his troops, exhausted with fatigue ; but, as soon as they perceived that their camp was on fire, their companions in retreat, and the bold front of the victorious Jews, they threw down their arms, and took to flight, in spite of the efforts of their general to rally them. Judas then ordered his trumpets to sound

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the charge. Without counting the wounded, the killed amounted to nine thousand. After the victory, the Jews returned thanks to God, for having afforded them such powerful protection. All the wealth left by the enemy in their camp was for the most part distributed among the poor, the widows, and orphans.

Judas gained several other great victories, drove the enemy from Jerusalem, purified the temple, and rebuilt the altars that Antiochus had destroyed. This prince was returning from a distant expedition, in which he had hoped to enrich himself; but, as the expedition proved unfortunate, he was exceedingly melancholy. When he heard of the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus, and the disastrous fate of his armies, he was transported with fury. He determined to go himself to Jerusalem; and swore to exterminate the Jews to the last man, and to bury them under the ruins of their city and their temple. At the moment when he took the oath, he was seized with an illness, that occasioned him the most excruciating torture, but he persevered, and even increased his speed. As his chariot dashed along at great speed, he fell from it, and was badly bruised. They were then obliged to carry him in a litter. He was covered with sores, which soon became alive with worms; and his whole body became one mass of corruption, and gave out the most intolerable smell. Then he remembered the tortures that he had made the Jews endure; and, repentant of the injustice and the cruelties that he had inflicted on

them, he promised to worship the true and living God, to make peace with the Jewish nation, and to repair, as far as he could, all the evil that he had done them. But his repentance came too late ; he had not time to accomplish his tardy promise, and he perished miserably, in the most frightful agonies. His son, also named Antiochus, determined to continue the war, and his generals having been repeatedly defeated by Judas Maccabeus, he determined to march against the Jews himself, at the head of an army more numerous and better appointed than any that he had sent forth.

A hundred thousand infantry, twenty thousand cavalry, and thirty-two elephants, trained to war, marched at his command. Each elephant carried on its back a bower, made of wood, filled with skilful archers. Judas, filled with confidence in God, marched forth with his little band to encounter this formidable host. During the battle, a young Jew, named Eleazer, remarked an elephant larger than the others, covered with royal trappings. Thinking that king Antiochus was upon him, and that if he were wounded or killed, that his army would take to flight, he resolved to offer up his life a sacrifice to save his country. He rushed through the armed battalions, slaying right and left all who opposed his progress, reached the elephant, threw himself beneath him, and stabbed him to death with his sword. The huge animal in his fall crushed him to death.

*Little-John.* Was the king on him ?

*Tom.* No, my child ; he was not. But the devoted bravery of Eleazer was not useless, for it intimidated the enemy, and filled the Jews with ardor and courage. Judas Maccabeus himself perished two years after on the field of battle. A new and powerful army having invaded Judea, his soldiers, panic-stricken, abandoned him, with the exception of eight hundred. His friends entreated him to retire. "No," said he, "it shall never be said that I recoiled before an enemy. Let us rather die fighting bravely for our country." With his eight hundred men he attacked the enemy twenty-two thousand strong ; but surrounded by this multitude he died gloriously, after performing prodigies of valor.

*Little-John.* There was a brave man !

*Tom.* Yes, my boy, a true hero, who offered up his life without regret, for we may die contentedly when we fight for our country, our liberties, and our honor. But come and see me to-morrow ; it is a holiday, I believe ; and since you like to hear about heroes and patriots, I will tell you about some that every American should look upon with pride and veneration. Besides, we will take a walk to a place that you don't expect.

Old Tom went his way, and John passed the remainder of the day quietly with his grandmother and sister ; and at night when he went to bed he got to thinking about the walk that Uncle Tom had promised him. While he was trying to guess where he would

take him, he fell asleep, and slept so soundly that when he awoke the next morning the sun was beaming in his chamber.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### GENERAL WASHINGTON.

LITTLE-JOHN was faithful to the appointment that he had made with Uncle Tom. The old man and the little boy set out together like two good friends, and took the direction of the mill. Little-John was so happy that he jumped with joy. When he got more calm, and walked quietly by the side of old Tom, he could talk of nothing but Judas Maccabeus, his great victories, his great courage, and his glorious death. He went on at such a rate, that at last old Tom, who no doubt had a great veneration for the history of the Jews, but who was proud of the history of his own country, in which he had been an actor, said to him :

“ Judas Maccabeus was a great and brave man, and you are right to admire him. But have I not told you that Americans know how to fight too, and that we have had men as brave and as patriotic as Judas Maccabeus ?

“ You remember, John, that on the 22d of last February you had a holiday ? Well, that holiday was

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given in honor of General Washington's memory. He was born on the 22d of February, 1732, in Westmoreland county, Virginia. It would be impossible to imagine a man more admirably fitted in every way than he to achieve the great ends for which Providence seems evidently to have designed him. It would seem, too, that he was born precisely at the right time, for when his country required his services, he was of mature years, with all the noble faculties of his great character fully developed.

"General Washington's father died when he was but ten years old, but fortunately for himself and his country, he had a mother—such a mother as the old Romans would have erected statues to, and have honored among the greatest of their land. This admirable mother educated him in a manner to develop all the high qualities of his nature, and to render him equal to the glorious destiny to which Providence called him. At eighteen, Lord Fairfax made him surveyor of an immense tract of wild lands, that now includes many counties. The occupation of a surveyor was at that time, when the Indians were still numerous, not only attended with great toil but considerable danger. It was a calling better fitted than most others to prepare a man for military life.

"Young Washington, with a constitution naturally robust, became inured to toil, privation, and danger, grew up to be a man of majestic form, and with a face stamped with that peculiar grandeur of expression,

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which marked him at once as one born to influence the fate of nations. His military career commenced as lieutenant-colonel of a Virginia regiment, when he distinguished himself by his gallant defence of a little frontier fort (called Fort Necessity) against an overwhelming force of French and Indians, and though the fort was captured, and he made prisoner, he received the thanks of the legislature for his gallantry. In 1775, he was aid to General Braddock, when that general, though warned by Washington, was surprised by the enemy, defeated, and slain. Providence evidently watched over the future saviour of his country on this occasion, for Washington had two horses killed under him, and received five balls in his clothing, without being hurt; and it was entirely owing to his skill that the survivors escaped, and returned in safety to their homes.

“ Soon after this commenced those acts of tyranny and oppression, that drove our ancestors to that resistance which ended finally in their emancipation. The congress in Philadelphia looked for a man who might guide his countrymen in the terrible ordeal through which they were to pass; and directed by an overruling Providence, they selected George Washington. Nobly and triumphantly did he justify their choice. The annals of the world can scarcely show so perfect a man. It would seem that God had endowed him in their highest perfection with the very virtues and talents that his career most required. France had her

Napoleon, but he sacrificed millions to his insatiable ambition ; England had her Cromwell, but he degenerated into a tyrant ; ancient Rome had her Cæsar, but his ambition was too great for his virtue. There are many illustrious men mentioned in history who possessed as much talent as Washington, but none who possessed his talents with his virtues ; and none who engraved their names as imperishably as he in the hearts of his countrymen.

“ The history of our Revolution is a record of alternate successes and defeats, from the battle of Bunker-Hill to the final triumph at Yorktown. In every situation, in the dark hour of adversity, in the full tide of success, in the depressing defeat, and in the elation of victory, General Washington was equally great ; and, finally, he who might, if he would, have become a king, died a plain farmer.

“ When the war was over, Washington resigned his commission, and retired to his farm at Mount Vernon. Here he would have preferred to remain, but his country, that he had defended so well in the field, required his services in council ; and he was unanimously elected first President of the United States for two successive terms. Then, finding his beloved country in a prosperous condition, he retired to private life. This was in 1796. On Saturday, the 14th of December, 1799, he died, leaving a name that will live until this world shall be no more. Truly it was said in a funeral oration pronounced by the vir-

tuous and enlightened John Marshall, that 'he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' ”

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### CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### SAILING IN A BOAT.

THUS conversing, the two friends arrived at the mill-pond ; and as old Tom seemed to wish to stop without going farther, Little-John, though very well satisfied with his walk, was surprised that it should be so soon over, and that there was nothing so extraordinary about it, as he had been led to believe. But he was astonished and delighted when he saw Uncle Tom get into the boat, and cast loose the rope that fastened it. He cried out : “Oh ho ! you were right, Uncle Tom ; I did not expect to take the row in the boat to-day that they tried to force me to take yesterday. What fun we shall have ! Thank you, Uncle Tom.”

*Tom.* It is precisely because you behaved so well and so bravely yesterday, that I wished to give you this agreeable surprise to-day. I thought that you would like to take a row upon the water, so I borrowed the boat from the miller.

Little-John had perhaps never before experienced such delight. Tom taught him how to row the boat

himself. He pulled up to the beautiful yellow and white flowers, with large green leaves, that he had heretofore been compelled to admire at a distance from the shores of the pond. He gathered a quantity for Louisa, and he was astonished at the length of their stems. At length his delight was at its height, when Tom set up a mast, and hoisted a sail that he had prepared beforehand, and of which he had said nothing. He understood then how it was that the wind filling the sail pressed the boat forward. He thought it very pleasant to see the boat dashing along without the trouble of rowing her. As the wind was high, he felt somewhat intimidated at the speed at which they shot along. It seemed to him that the trees on the shore were running away at great speed, whereas, on the contrary, carried along by the boat, it was he himself that moved so rapidly; the steadiness and smoothness with which the boat moved upon the tranquil water, making it appear otherwise. Aftey they landed, Little-John threw his arms around the old sailor's neck, saying—

“ Uncle Tom, you have made me very happy ; let me kiss you ; for, do you see, I was thinking just now that I was nothing but a poor foundling, and yet I have great reason for being grateful to God, since he has given me a mother like Margaret, a sister like Louisa, and such a kind, dear friend as you are, whom I love as if you were my own father.”

Old Tom pressed the child in his arms, and turned

his head quickly away, for, rough sailor as he was, he felt his eyes filling with tears.

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## CHAPTER XL.

### THE SUN.

DURING that same week Little-John made another excursion that he enjoyed exceedingly.

One evening, Margaret told Louisa to go the next morning very early and take home some thread that she had spun for a farmer's wife, who lived five or six miles off. John was allowed to go with her. Louisa awoke some time before day; she called John, who got up immediately. They said their prayers, and set out while it was yet dark.

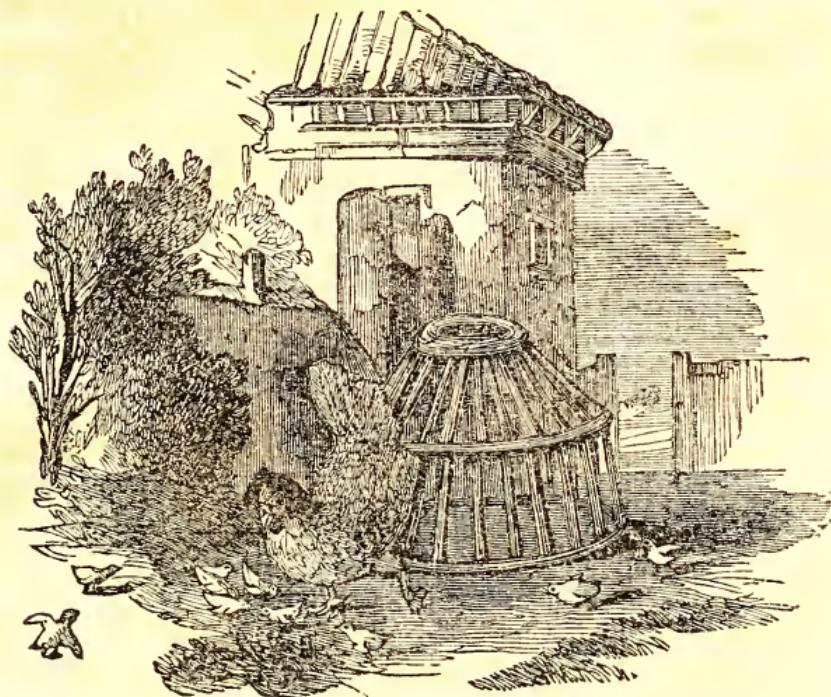
The stars were shining brightly, and the birds had not yet commenced to sing. The sky in front of them grew lighter and lighter; the stars became dimmer and dimmer, so that they could scarcely be seen. In a short time the eastern sky became pink, then red, then yellow, the light becoming brighter each moment. Behind them, on the contrary, they could see the darkness gradually disappearing. Suddenly the sun appeared like a ball of bright fire, dazzling to the eye to look upon. His brilliant rays spreading in every direction, illuminated the crests of the hills, the tops of the

trees, and the column of smoke that peacefully curled over the village. The birds began all at once to sing, the flowers bloomed, and their beautiful colors, still humid with dew, stood out in bright relief on the green grass. Louisa and Little-John were untiring in their admiration of the landscape, reposed and refreshed as it were by the calmness of the night, and suddenly lighted up by the pure soft morning light. John was of opinion that the sun was very beautiful, very grand, and a great invention.

“Do not forget,” said Louisa to him, “to thank the inventor, who is God: just think how many creatures there are at this moment rejoicing in the light and warmth of the sun; for the sun shines for every created thing—for the smallest insect as for man.”

Little-John and Louisa arrived at the farm in high spirits, and were kindly welcomed by the farmer’s wife, who was fond of them. She gave them a nice breakfast of eggs and milk, and told them to run about and amuse themselves until she got a bundle of flax ready for them to take back.

The children went out to see the farm-hands at work. They saw the cows milked, and admired the pretty calves. But what interested them most was a hen, surrounded by her little chickens. Their hearts were moved at witnessing the constancy of this tender mother, who, after sitting for three weeks upon her eggs, seemed to brood them a second time after they were hatched. In witnessing her anxiety, and the care



with which she scratched the earth to find them food without taking any herself, Little-John said: "That is the way our grandmother loves us." A large dog came by and alarmed the brood. Little-John was curious to know how the hen, naturally so timid, would protect her young. What was his surprise when he saw her throw herself before the enemy, attack him courageously, and put him to flight! He then wished to see if she would be more afraid of him than the dog, and was about to pick up one of her young ones, when Louisa stopped him.

"You ought not," said she, "to cause the poor

creature any useless suffering ; the heart is hardened by the habit of witnessing unnecessary pain even in animals."

" You are a good sister," replied John ; " you are right ; none but the bad-hearted take pleasure in inflicting pain upon dumb creatures. In self-defence we may kill them, for then there is a necessity for it, as there is when we kill them for food or for profit. Is it not so, Louisa ?"

*Louisa.* All that is true, John, and does not prevent our being of the same opinion ; for you will agree that there is a great difference between killing an animal for its skin and its flesh, that we are in need of, and tormenting it for the cruel pleasure of seeing it suffer."

The day was already far advanced, when the farmer's wife handed to Louisa the bundle of flax that Margaret was to spin for her. The brother and sister set out without delay, in order to reach home before night, so as not to cause their grandmother any anxiety. As they walked along, they were surprised at having the sun in their faces, as they had had it in the morning. " Is it not singular," said Little-John, " that we still have the sun in front of us, though we are going in a contrary way from what we did this morning ? Look, Louisa, there is the darkness again behind us, with the stars that are beginning to shine ; only this morning it fled away fast, whereas now it seems to follow us. The sun must have travelled a great way to be where it is now."





*Louisa.* Uncle Tom says that the sun does not move at all.

*Little-John.* That cannot be possible. Must we not believe our own eyes? did we not see the sun get up from behind the big woods, and is it not descending now behind the church yonder?"

It was dark when the two children arrived at home. They found Margaret in conversation with old Tom. As soon as Little-John saw the old man, he ran and seated himself on his knee, saying: "The sun goes around the earth, does it not, Uncle Tom?"

"No, my boy," replied Tom, who understood immediately what he wanted; "the earth goes round the sun. Do you not know that the earth is an enormous ball?"

*Little-John.* A ball! no, indeed. I thought that the earth was flat.

*Tom.* You were mistaken. When we stand upon the seashore, and a vessel comes towards us, we see nothing at first but the tops of her masts; gradually, as she draws nearer, we see more and more of the masts, until finally we see the vessel itself. If the earth was flat, should we not see the entire vessel at once? Consequently, the earth is round.

*Little-John.* If the earth is round, we ought to be able to go around it.

*Tom.* Certainly, we can travel around the earth, and it can be done in eighteen months, or two years. I have made two voyages around the globe.

*Little-John.* Well, I give it up—the earth is round !

*Tom.* The earth is, then, a large globe ; now, this large globe turns around the sun, which is immovable.

*Little-John.* As to that, Uncle Tom, I must believe it, because you say so ; but it seems to me—”

*Tom.* Well, go on, my boy—what seems to you ? You are right to take my word, because you know that I have more experience than yourself, and that I would not deceive you ; but it is still better to ask an explanation of what puzzles you, in order to understand it.

*Little-John.* It seems to me that I can see the sun moving, and the earth standing still. If the earth turned, should I not see it moving, with the trees and houses on it ? Besides, I can see the sun distinctly moving with my own eyes.

*Tom.* No, my boy ; if the earth turned, you would not see it moving with the trees and houses, because the same motion would carry you along. We must not always rely upon our eyes, for they may often deceive us. Thus, the other day, when you were gliding along so smoothly in the boat, it appeared to you that the boat stood still, and that the trees on the shore were in motion—why ? Because every thing in the boat, travelling as fast as you did, remained at the same distance from your eyes ; while the trees were at every instant at a greater or less distance. The same thing occurs when we are moving with speed in a carriage : all objects on the roadside appear to be flee-

ing away from us. Of the sun and the earth, necessarily one moves and the other does not ; if your eyes deceive you, and lead you to believe that the earth is stationary, they must, at the same time, deceive in inducing you to believe that the sun is in motion.

*Little-John.* Well, Uncle Tom, I believe now that the sun is stationary, and the earth in motion, though it appears to me to be just the reverse. I beg that you will explain to me how it happens ; it is difficult to understand it.

*Tom.* Not so difficult as you suppose, John. Place yourself before the lamp, and turn yourself round slowly : do you not see that it is sometimes your face, and sometimes the back of your head that is in the light. It is just so with the earth ; she turns in a way to present the different portions of her surface to the sunlight one after the other. One-half the earth, then, must always be in the dark, while the other is exposed to the light ; and, as it takes twenty-four hours to turn, each portion of the globe is twelve hours in the sunlight and twelve in darkness.

*Little-John.* But, Uncle Tom, the days are not all twelve hours long ; they get shorter in winter, and longer in summer.

*Tom.* Very true. It is only in certain countries that day and night are equal. In the United States we have sixteen hours of daylight in summer, and, consequently, only eight hours of darkness. In winter it is the reverse ; the nights being long, and the days

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short. But you will be astonished when I tell you that there are some countries in which the entire year consists of a single night and a single day, each of six months' duration.

*Little-John.* What! there are countries in which we can see the sun for six months in succession, and then have a night six months long! That must be near where those Laplanders live, that Louisa told me about. But how can it be? I should like to know.

*Tom.* A few years hence, after you have studied geography, which is the description of the earth, and astronomy, which is the science of the stars, you will easily comprehend how a slight inclination of the earth, with respect to the sun, causes the inequality in the lengths of days and nights. But for to-day, it is sufficient that you should know that day and night are produced by the earth turning upon itself, once in twenty-four hours.

*Little-John.* Ah! that reminds me of something that I wanted to say just now. If the earth does not move any faster, if it only makes one turn in twenty-four hours, I am not astonished that I do not see it move. It is like the hands of your watch; they advance so slowly that we do not perceive their motion.

*Tom.* Take care, John, you are talking without thinking. I have already explained to you how it is that you do not perceive the motion of the earth. It is because you are carried along yourself by this motion, with every thing that surrounds you. Whether

the earth turns slowly or rapidly, you cannot perceive it; but, far from going slowly, as you suppose, the earth moves with great rapidity.

*Little-John.* How so, Uncle Tom?

*Tom.* When a cart-wheel turns, which goes round most frequently, the hub or the rim?

*Little-John.* One goes round as often as the other.

*Tom.* Do they go equally fast?

*Little-John.* Oh, not at all; as they both make the same number of turns, the hub makes a small turn, while the rim makes a large one. I have often noticed it at the mill; the shaft in the middle goes very slowly, and the buckets go very fast.

*Tom.* Very well. You perceive, then, that if the wheel was very large, the hub might turn very slowly, while the rim would move very fast.

*Little-John.* Certainly.

*Tom.* Well, it is just so with the earth; but, instead of being a wheel, it is an enormous ball, that turns always in the same direction, once in twenty-four hours. Consequently, the centre turns very slowly, while the outside goes over an immense distance.

*Little-John.* Is the distance known?

*Tom.* Exactly; for we have means of measuring the size of the earth with great precision; but the distance varies according to the points considered. If you run one of your grandmother's knitting-needles through an apple, and make the apple turn upon the needle, its motion will be like that of the earth. The

nearer you approach the needle, the slower the motion will be ; and the speed increases as you move away from it. The size of the circle is in proportion to the distance from the centre. Now, the circumference of the earth, at the equator, is about 25,000 miles ; so that a house, or any other object, on the surface of the earth, at the equator, must move at the rate of 25,000 miles a day. But our country being north of the equator, it does not describe so large a circle ; yet, while we are talking here so quietly, we, the house, the whole village, and every thing around us, are moving at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a minute.

*Little-John.* Fifteen or twenty miles a minute ! no one could go as fast as that.

*Tom.* Certainly not.

*Little-John.* There must be a great many countries, one after the other, if the same one is not turned to the sun more than once in twenty-four hours, when we are going at such speed ; are all these countries known ?

*Tom.* Yes ; nearly all parts of the earth have been travelled over, except the vicinity of the two points called the poles, where, as I told you, the whole year is divided into one day and one night of six months each, and where it is so cold that neither man, animals, nor plants can subsist. You must not imagine that the whole earth is habitable ; a great part is covered by vast bodies of salt water called seas. There

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are also vast countries called continents, but there is four times as much water as land.

*Little-John.* And are there several continents?

*Tom.* Yes; there are three. One contains Asia, Africa, and Europe; the next is America, which has been known a little more than three hundred and fifty years; and the third is New Holland, that has been discovered more recently still.

*Little-John.* And all these countries pass each in their turn before the sun; so that while it is daylight in one it may be night in another?

*Tom.* Just so.

*Little-John.* How funny to think that all this turns! how it would amuse me to see it go around!

And full of wonder at what he had learned, Little-John commenced turning before the lamp, and as his face was now in the light and then in the shade, "Yes," said he, "it is all true; now it is day—now it is night." Then suddenly stopping, and after a moment's reflection, he said: "Uncle Tom, you told me that the earth went around the sun, yet I do not go around the lamp; I only spin round before it. Does the earth only spin before the sun?"

*Tom.* Certainly not. While it spins, as you very properly express it, it makes a great circuit around the sun, just as you would do, if continuing to spin, you were to go around the lamp. It is this motion of the earth, together with its inclination with regard to the sun, that causes the change of the seasons, and the in-

equality of the days and nights. The time required by the earth to go around the sun is precisely one year: as while the earth is going around the sun she turns three hundred and sixty-five times upon herself, it follows that the year is composed of that number of days.

"I understand very well now," said Little-John; "but it seems to me odd that such an immense mass as the earth should be made to go around such a small one as the sun."

*Tom.* So small, my boy! you are not thinking; how often have I told you that we should sometimes distrust our eyes, and learn to make a proper use of them! Do you not remember when they took down the vane from the church-steeple last year, you were very much astonished to find it as long as your arm, when you had thought before that it was not larger than your hand?

*Little-John.* True. I remember too that you told me that the vane looked small on the top of the steeple, because all distant objects appeared smaller in the distance than when close to us.

*Tom.* Well, then, do you not think that the sun appears smaller to you than it really is?

*Little-John.* Oh, yes; I can imagine that it may be as wide as a great wagon-wheel.

*Tom.* As you imagine the sun to be wide, you no doubt think it is flat?

*Little-John.* Yes, certainly.

*Tom.* Now, you are doubly mistaken. In the first place, so far from being flat, the sun is an enormous globe that gives out on every side heat and light, and this globe is of such dimensions that you will find it difficult to conceive.

*Little-John.* Is it as large as the earth?

*Tom.* The sun is fourteen hundred thousand times larger than the earth. The difference in size between the earth and sun is as great as between the head of a pin and your head.

*Little-John.* Good heaven! I never would have imagined it. The sun must be very far off to appear so small.

*Tom.* Certainly. To give you an idea of the distance, it would take a carriage, travelling night and day, without stopping, at the rate of nine miles an hour, fourteen hundred and fifty years to go from here to the sun.

*Little-John.* That is wonderful, Uncle Tom; but there is something still more astonishing: it is, that we should feel the heat of the sun at such an immense distance.

*Tom.* You may well admire such a wonder; but it is not enough that you should be astonished—these things should lead you to think of the majesty and the power of God, the author of these great works. See, with what wisdom and kindness he has arranged every thing for our benefit. Nearer than he is, the sun would burn us; farther off, the earth would be too cold to be

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inhabited. The same effects would occur if, remaining where it is, it were larger or smaller. The two motions of the earth are not the less indispensable to our existence: if instead of turning on itself to expose all its parts to the sun in succession, the earth were to stop and present always the same side to the light, that side would soon become arid and dry, whereas the other, always plunged in darkness, would remain frozen. Now suppose the earth to continue turning on itself without going around the sun, the consequence would be that there would be no change in the seasons: the summer would be eternal in one place and winter in another. But, thanks to the laws which a good God has made, day and night, winter and summer, regularly succeed each other, favoring the growth of animals and plants, and furnishing to ourselves the proper degree of heat and cold, without which we should not be able to live. Thus it is that with our knowledge increases our power of appreciating all the wonders that an all-powerful God has wrought for our benefit.

Little-John, much struck at what old Tom had told him, said his prayers that night with more fervor than usual; and it did indeed appear to him, that the pleasure he found in praying to, and worshipping God, increased with his knowledge.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## THE STORM.

ONE Sunday, after going to church as usual, Louisa and Little-John took a long walk to a distant stone-quarry. While they were amusing themselves with looking at the enormous masses of granite that composed an entire hill, and at the holes which had been drilled in them for blasting, they did not perceive, at first, that heavy black clouds were rising in the west, portending a high wind. Louisa was the first to notice it. Lifting her eyes, she said: "Do look, John, how black the sky is: we are likely to get wet before we can reach home; it seems to me that I can hear the thunder."

"That is a fact," said Little-John, "it is thundering already; let us make haste." And they both set out at their best speed.

"Come, come, Louisa, let us be in a hurry; how anxious mother will be if we do not get in before the rain! I do not mind getting wet; but I would not, on any account, cause any anxiety to our dear mother." Louisa clung to Little-John's arm, and they hurried along, all out of breath. They had yet a wide field to cross, to get to the village, when large drops of rain commenced falling, vivid flashes of lightning succeeded each other in rapid succession, the thunder

grew louder and louder, and suddenly, down came the rain in torrents.

“Oh, heaven!” said Louisa, “what will become of us!”—and, holding each other by the hand, they dashed off, at their utmost speed, towards a large tree that stood in the midst of the field, hoping to find shelter beneath its branches. They found under it a bad little boy from the village, who had taken refuge there with two cows which he was driving in from pasture. Meanwhile the storm drew nearer and nearer, and became at each moment more terrible. The flashing lightning and roaring thunder frightened Louisa, and she was all in a tremor. “John,” said she, “I am very much frightened; let us pray to our heavenly Father to take pity on us.”

“I am afraid,” replied Little-John; “that little boy would tell them all in school, and they would laugh at me.”

“What! John,” said Louisa, “have you so little heart as to let the fear of a laugh prevent you from doing what is right? If you will not join me, I shall pray by myself.”

Little-John, overcoming his false shame, knelt down beside his sister and prayed. In fact, the little boy did laugh and make fun of them. “Do you think,” said he, “that because you have prayed, the thunder will stop short?”

Louisa and John let him talk on without notice. When they had done their prayer, they perceived that

the water was now beating through the leaves, and that the tree no longer afforded them shelter. As they were not very far from home, and as they preferred getting wet to giving any further uneasiness to their mother, they set out, and ran for the cottage.

"It was worth while to pray to God to get wetter than I am," said the little boy as he saw them set out. But Louisa and John had scarcely got thirty yards from the tree, when they were nearly stunned by a tremendous clap of thunder. They turned and saw, with affright, that the tree was shivered. Not seeing the little boy, they ran to call him, and found him stretched lifeless upon the ground, stricken by lightning, together with his two cows. At first they could not believe that he was dead; they called him, pulled his clothes, and shook him; but seeing that he did not answer or move, that his eyes were fixed and glassy, and that his half-open mouth was breathless, they fled away in affright, and were soon in their mother's arms.

For more than an hour, this good old woman had been a prey to the greatest anxiety,—now looking out at the door to see if her darlings were coming—now kindling a fire, and getting dry clothes ready for them.

"God took pity on us, and nothing happened to us," said the two children, throwing their arms around her neck. They were so much moved by the rapidity of their course, the roar of the tempest, and, above all, by the death of the little boy, that they could not say

another word, and commenced crying. While Margaret was shifting their clothes, making them drink some hot tea, and bestowing on them all the tender cares of a mother, Louisa, somewhat recovered from her fright, commenced relating all that had occurred; and when she came to the terrible stroke of thunder—

“Oh, my God!” cried Margaret, looking up and clasping her hands, “I thank thee for saving my children! what would have become of me hadst thou taken them away!” and the big tears rolled down her cheeks. “Do you see now, Little-John,” said she afterwards, “what it is not to know God and have faith in him? How fortunate you were to have your sister by you, to give you courage to pray, notwithstanding the false shame that withheld you! Perhaps God would have punished you as he did that miserable child, if you had been weak enough to be ashamed of your religion. Always follow your sister’s advice, and be thankful to Heaven for giving you such a one. Promise me, John, that when God shall have taken me from this world, you will always consult Louisa, and that you will never undertake any thing of importance without her advice. Your sister may supply the place of a mother when I am gone.”

Little-John kissed Margaret, and then threw his arms around Louisa’s neck.

“I love and bless you, my dear children,” said Margaret, on seeing them thus in each other’s arms; “you

are the consolation of my old age. May you always love one another: thus you will always be good and always happy."

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## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE THUNDER.

IN the mean time, the thunder had passed away. Old Tom came, as was his habit, to spend the Sunday evening with Margaret. He had hardly taken a seat, before the children related to him all that had happened. He listened patiently to the whole story; and when they had done, he told them that he knew all about it. He had seen the children in the field, and was going out to bring them in when the lightning fell upon the tree. After trying in vain to restore animation to the unfortunate boy, he returned sorrowful, leaving the body in the hands of the parents, who, hearing of their misfortune, had hastened to the spot, and were weeping over their dead child.

"Little-John," said Uncle Tom, after a moment of silence, "if ever you are caught in a thunder-storm, avoid, of all things, a tall tree; for, at such a time to seek shelter beneath one, is highly dangerous."

*Little-John.* Why is there more danger beneath a tree than elsewhere, Uncle Tom?

*Tom.* I will do my best to explain it to you, though

it is rather difficult. You must know that the lightning, together with the noise called thunder, are produced by electricity. Electricity, when at rest, is a thing that can be neither seen, nor touched, nor weighed ; but when in motion, it produces such effects that it is impossible not to recognise its existence.

*Little-John.* That is very astonishing. Are there things that can be neither seen nor touched ?

*Tom.* You know we cannot see the air we breathe. So it is with heat ; we cannot see it, and it weighs nothing ; for a piece of hot iron is not heavier than a cold one. You may see the light, but you cannot touch it ; and the existence of electricity is only perceptible when it is in motion.

*Little-John.* Well, now I understand.

*Tom.* There are two kinds of electricity that always seek to unite themselves, and it is only to do this that they put themselves in motion ; so that after they are united, they are no longer visible. But different causes are constantly separating them ; so that it may often happen that one cloud contains one kind, and another, the other. Then, when these two clouds approach near enough to each other, the two kinds of electricity will dart upon each other, tracing in the air a line of fire. This fire is called lightning, and in darting through the air, this last is violently agitated, and produces the noise we call thunder.

*Little-John.* What ! Uncle Tom, the loud noise we hear comes from the agitation of the air ?

*Tom.* Just as all other sounds do. When we draw the bow of a violin across the strings, it gives them a rapid motion of going and coming, which communicates itself to the air ; and when the air, thus agitated, strikes our ears, it gives us the sensation of sound. So it is when we ring a bell ; the blows of the clapper cause it to vibrate, and the vibration is transmitted to a distance by the air, just as the undulations produced by the fall of a stone in water are spread to a distance, in circles, on the surface. The sound of the human voice, too, is only produced by the motion that we know how to communicate to the air in expelling it from our lungs.

*Little-John.* There is another thing that I did not know. Well, then, Uncle Tom, lightning is the electricity of one cloud which throws itself upon that of another cloud, and the thunder is the noise of the air displaced and set in motion by the act.

*Tom.* Very well. It may also happen, that the electricity of a cloud, instead of throwing itself upon that of another cloud, darts upon that of the earth ; then we say that the lightning fell.

*Little-John.* So, when the lightning strikes any thing, it is the electricity of a cloud, which precipitates itself upon that of the earth, to unite with it.

*Tom.* Precisely ; you understand it now very well. The impetuosity of electricity is such, that when it comes in contact with a body in its passage, a steeple, for instance, it shakes, and often overturns it : if it is a

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man or an animal, it kills, and if a tree, it shatters it. And as, when the two electricities unite, a powerful heat is produced, combustible materials are often set on fire by it. It was to protect us from the terrible effects of electricity, that the great Franklin, our countryman, invented lightning-rods. A lightning-rod is a long rod of pointed iron, placed upon the highest part of a house. Attached to this rod are others, which descend to the earth. Electricity runs with the greatest facility through the metal, and escapes freely and easily by the sharp points. When, then, it happens that a cloud, charged with electricity, passes over a lightning-rod, the electricity ascends from the earth, by the rod, to its points ; thence it precipitates itself rapidly upon that of the cloud, and unites with it, without lightning, without noise, and consequently, without danger.

*Little-John.* Now, Uncle Tom, explain why we should not go under a tree in a storm.

*Tom.* You will easily understand it, my boy. A tall tree, standing by itself in a plain, being the nearest point to the clouds, it is upon it that the electricity would be most apt to throw itself ; and once at its foot, it would dart off upon the men or animals that happened to be near, because it can escape more readily through their bodies than through wood. Your danger to-day was so much the greater, from the fact of the tree being wet with rain, as it was a still better conductor of electricity to where you were. You must

have observed that it was only after the rain had penetrated the top of the tree, that your poor little companion was killed.

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### CHAPTER XLIII.

#### THE CONFLAGRATION.

ONE night, after he had gone to bed and was asleep, Little-John was awakened by a distant noise. The sounds were distant and confused, but they made him uneasy. Listening attentively, the noise seemed to increase and come nearer ; soon he recognised distinctly the voices of men, and finally, loud cries of fire. He threw himself out of bed, ran to the window, pushed open the blinds, and saw the red glare of fire in the sky, and all the houses in the village lighted up by the flames. In an instant he was dressed and off. “ Shall I go for Uncle Tom ?” thought he : “ no ; he is there long ago,” and commenced running as hard as he could towards the fire.

It was a horrible sight. The imprudence of a child had set fire to a bed-curtain ; the flame spread, and the whole house was soon in a blaze. A dense smoke, filled with sparks, was rolling up towards the sky and spreading out in dark clouds. A violent wind fanned the flames, and carried into the air burning fragments,

that fell in a shower of fire. Happily, the wind blowing from the village, the fire did not spread. Little-John's heart was moved at the sight. The noise of the wind, the roaring of the fire, the lowing of the cattle that they drove with difficulty from the stables, and, above all, the desolation of the farmer and his family, excited him to such a degree, that he was about to cry, when he heard a well-known voice :

“ Little-John, I have been expecting you—you are late. Quick, now, to work ! and let people see that old Tom trained you.”

It was, indeed, the old sailor, who, arriving at the first alarm, cool and collected in the midst of danger, was directing the efforts of the crowd, and setting an example of activity and courage. While desiring that John should lend a helping hand, he loved him too much to allow him to expose himself, and ordered him to pile up the furniture that had been thrown out. John was working away with all his might, when he saw a poor woman, wild with despair, pointing to a garret window, and shrieking for her child that had been left there. Little-John, filled with compassion, forgets the danger ; he rushes to the door, ascends the burning staircase, and reaches the room that contained the child. Tom saw him enter, followed, and called him.

“ What are you about, John ? Come back.”

“ Wait, Uncle Tom, I am wrapping him up.”

“ What is it you are wrapping ? Come along, you have not a moment to lose.”

“ See here, Uncle Tom, it is a fine baby, but very heavy. How fortunate that you are here! I should never have been able to carry it off; and now the staircase has fallen, and I do not know how to get down.”

“ This way,” said Tom. “ Walk along on that beam: I will hand you the child; do you descend the ladder, and I will follow.”

“ No, no, uncle. How can I get down the ladder with that heavy child? Do you go first; I will hand it to you, and then manage to get out alone.” Tom did not stop to talk, but got upon the ladder; he had descended but a few feet, when a mass of flame burst from a window nearly on a level with him, scorching him badly, and cutting off John’s retreat entirely from the window above. Little-John retraced his steps quickly. He ran to the stairs, but there was no hope there. He returned, then, to the room where he found the child, and seating himself on the window-sill, that was at a considerable elevation, with a hard pavement under it, he cried for help. “ Help! Uncle Tom! help! I cannot find a way out.” Tom, who had just restored the child to its mother, runs, and sees the danger of his young friend. All the ladders were too short to reach. They had no rope, nor time to get one, to lash two of them together. The good old man was in despair, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he had lost his presence of mind. “ What! will no one try to save my boy? Oh! if I

were only young and strong! I will give my cottage and all I have to save him!" But the danger was so evident that no one replied to him. The flames were steadily advancing, and John's danger became at each instant more imminent. Suddenly old Tom cried out, "He shall not perish. John, my child," said he, "recommend yourself to God, and jump." John obeyed immediately, and at the moment the old man rushed forward, caught him in his arms, and fell to the ground, stunned by the shock. Another instant and the roof of the house fell in.

John was not hurt in the least, and Tom, though a good deal bruised, not materially.

Though not seriously injured, the old sailor was no longer in a condition to give active assistance. Happily, too, the violence of the fire had much abated, and was now under control. After advising them to stop up closely the door and windows of a cellar, into which the fire had penetrated, he returned with John to Margaret's house.

The good old woman had also been awakened in the night. She had called Little-John, to tell him to go to the fire; but he was already gone. Louisa wished to run after him. "No, my child," said Margaret to her; "if I could walk, I would go myself; but, as I cannot, do not leave me: let us offer up our prayers for John's safety." Since that time they had been at their prayers, stopping, now and then, to listen if the noise diminished, and looking through the win-

dow to discover any signs of the fire going out. At last their anxiety was changed to joy, when they saw Little-John return in safety. After old Margaret had heard all that had happened: "Little-John," said she, "you have performed a good and noble action;" and placing her hands, trembling with age, upon his head, she looked up to heaven, and called down its choicest blessings upon her child; and, then turning to the old sailor, she said: "And you, Tom, should be proud, for you have not only saved his life, but you have aided me to sow in his breast the seeds of virtue that are now yielding such fair fruit."

"I once saved old 'Ironsides' from running on a reef," said the old man; "but the pride and joy of that day was nothing to this." Then, seizing John by the hand, he added, as he warmly pressed it: "From this day, John, we shall be friends and messmates."

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

### WATER.

SOME days after, as the cottage family were talking of the occurrences at the fire, Little-John said to his old friend:

"Uncle Tom, how is it that they managed to put out the fire in the cellar, merely by closing up the door and windows."

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*Tom.* It is very simple ; the fire was smothered, by depriving it of air. Fire is nothing more than the intimate mixture of air and carbon, or charcoal ; and it is this same mixture that produces heat. It is evident that carbon without air cannot any more make fire than air without carbon. As to the flame, it is nothing more than air heated to such a degree as to appear red and luminous.

*Little-John.* But there was no carbon in the cellar, there was nothing but wood.

*Tom.* But you must know that wood is nothing more than carbon and water, and it is the carbon that burns.

*Little-John.* I understand that ; but there is another thing that astonishes me, Uncle Tom ; it is that they should have found so much water in the brook. You told me that springs were supplied with water by rain ; how, then, does it happen that that spring is running yet, when we have not had a drop of rain for more than two months ?

*Tom.* Because the rain, penetrating into the earth, the mountains, and hills, collecting there in great quantities, and escaping but slowly, can feed for a long time a brook such as the one you speak of.

*Little-John.* That may be for a brook ; but I cannot conceive a mountain to hold water enough to supply a large river.

*Tom.* You forget, then, John, that rivers are formed by the union of a number of brooks. If you can con-

ceive that one mountain or hill may contain sufficient water for one spring, you can conceive that another mountain may contain enough for another, and so for a third, a fourth, &c. ; and, by uniting these brooks, you will form the river that puzzles you. The sources of most large rivers are to be found in high mountains, the summits of which are sometimes covered with perpetual snow. From their great elevation, the cold there is very great. The snow and ice accumulate in vast quantities, and, slowly melting during summer, keep the rivers in a constant supply of water from their sources to the sea.

*Little-John.* As so many rivers empty into the sea, why does it not overflow and cover the earth ?

*Tom.* Never fear that, John, for the quantity of water reduced to vapor on the surface of the ocean is exactly equal to that which it receives from all the rivers, and all the rains that fall into it. I have already explained to you how the vapor is converted into snow and rain ; and it is this change from vapor to water, and from water to vapor, that prevents the rivers and springs from drying up.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## INSECTS.

*Little-John.* I heard at school the other day that the water in the ocean, in the rivers, and even the water we drink, contained an immense number of very small animals that we cannot see, and of which we swallow great quantities without perceiving it ; is it true ?

*Tom.* Nothing more so.

*Little-John.* But since these animals are so small that we cannot see them, how can we know that ?

*Tom.* We must examine them through a glass called a microscope, which is made to enable us to see very small objects ; and then in a single drop of water may be perceived hundreds of animals of different sizes, that swim, pursue, and devour each other ; just as do sharks, whales, and other large animals. But the works of the Creator are not less admirable in their minutest forms, than in the structure of the largest animals, and the arrangement of the sun and stars. There is a whole race of small animals called insects, whose structure and instincts form an inexhaustible source of admiration to those who have leisure to study them. All the different butterflies, sometimes so brilliant and beautiful, that flutter from flower to flower, were at one time hideous creeping caterpillars.

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*Little-John.* I have often heard so, but cannot understand how the change is effected.

*Tom.* Nor I either; neither can I understand how an egg, containing nothing but the yolk and the white, is transformed into a chicken, covered with down, jumping in the sun, and swallowing grain; but you may perceive, with a little attention and patience, that the caterpillar, attaining a certain size, spins for itself a covering with a silky substance drawn from its mouth, and that it remains in this covering a certain time without eating, and almost without motion. It is then a chrysalis; at length the dried skin of the chrysalis opens, the butterfly comes out, weakens the silky covering called a cocoon, by wetting it, and bursts forth.

*Little-John.* How admirable! and what becomes of the butterfly?

*Tom.* It lives generally but a few days; only long enough to enable it to deposite a number of eggs, which, guided by God's wisdom, it places in situations most suitable for protection, and where the young caterpillars, when they come out in the following spring, can find an abundance of food.

*Little-John.* Hereafter I shall not look upon caterpillars with disgust; heretofore I have been afraid to touch them. At the first opportunity, now, I will feed a few to find out what sort of butterflies they will make.

*Tom.* Louisa ought to have made you feed silk-worms. It seems to me that we have already had a

talk about them. It is a large caterpillar, either white or black, that feeds upon the leaves of the mulberry. When first hatched it is very small; it increases rapidly in size, and changes its skin several times; and when it becomes of the length and size of your finger, it withdraws to a corner to make its cocoon. This cocoon is formed of a single thread of silk, which, being of a gummy nature when fresh, makes it stick together like felt. The cocoons, about the size of pigeons' eggs, are thrown into warm water, which dissolves the gum, and the thread is then easily wound off by a reel. It is then readily manufactured into a vast variety of articles.

*Little-John.* Hats are made of it.

*Louisa.* And ribbons.

*Tom.* Yes, my children.

*Little-John.* How singular that the industry of the caterpillar should be turned to such good account!

*Tom.* Silkworms are neither industrious nor skilful; they obey their instinct, that is the will of God: like bees, whose labors are much more complicated, and seem to require a greater degree of intelligence.

*Little-John.* I know that they make honey; but what do they do that is so difficult?

*Tom.* Under the guidance of a female bee, their queen, they establish themselves in the hollow of a tree, or in a hive prepared for the purpose. They commence by stopping every crack and crevice with a species of glue, that they know how to furnish when

necessary ; they only leave a very small entrance. Some go to a distance to gather the dust and honey from the flowers. This dust they carry upon their thighs, and return loaded with it. On their arrival others unload them, and with this substance make the wax, of which their cells are built. These cells are formed with the utmost regularity, and in such a way as not to lose the least room. These cells are then filled with honey for winter consumption, and closely sealed with wax. Other cells are destined each to receive an egg, deposited there by the queen only ; their number amounts to about twelve thousand, all deposited within three weeks. From each egg a small worm, without legs, soon issues. These are regularly and carefully fed by a certain portion of the bees for five days : their cells are then closed with wax. Each grub then spins itself a cocoon, and soon issues forth a bee, and goes immediately to work like the others. When among this multitude of young bees a queen is hatched, a great tumult at once occurs in the hive. The old queen attempts at first to kill the new one : the young bees throw themselves in crowds between the two ; then the old queen abandons the hive, accompanied by most of the old bees, and seeks an establishment elsewhere. This is what is called swarming. They all go and suspend themselves around the queen, generally to the limb of a tree. They are then swept into a new hive, where they recommence their labors. If by chance several queens should be hatched,

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they then commence a general combat, which lasts until there is but one surviving, for there is never more than one queen in the same hive.

Ants also live in a social state, and work with wonderful activity in excavating their subterraneous dwellings, in accumulating food, in protecting their eggs, their worms, and their chrysalids. When one of them meets with an animal too large to be dragged along by its individual strength, it seeks assistance from its companions, and a hundred of them may sometimes be seen dragging a dead worm or bug to the common storehouse. If one of them should make the lucky discovery of a ripe apple or peach, it runs at once for its comrades, and they may be seen returning in long files. Should one of them be accidentally wounded or killed, it is immediately taken home. Should their habitation be disturbed, they immediately rush in multitudes to the point attacked, and do battle bravely in the common cause. The fight over, the survivors go to work immediately to repair damages with the most indefatigable perseverance. Should they be too frequently deranged, they go elsewhere and dig a new dwelling, and when it is ready, they move into it, carrying with them all that are too weak or incapable of marching. Sometimes, too, neighboring ant-hills make war on each other, the two sides displaying as much skill as courage; and the struggle, after having lasted several days, terminates in the entire destruction of one of the two nations.

The instincts of spiders are not less admirable; you have no doubt often observed their beautiful star-shaped nets. The spider places himself in the centre, whence the different threads diverge; he is thus enabled to feel immediately the slightest shock given to the net by a passing fly, and rush forth and seize the unlucky intruder. If they grapple with an insect that is too strong for them, or one of their own species, (for they devour each other,) they endeavor to hamper and bind him with their threads while they suck his blood. Another species digs itself a dwelling in the ground, well shaped, lined with silk, and with a regular lid to the top. Another kind travel about with a bag upon their backs containing their eggs, and they will sometimes allow themselves to be killed rather than abandon it.

*Little-John.* How wonderful! I had not the least idea that insects were so curious.

*Tom.* You have never heard, I suppose, of the lion-ant?

*Little-John.* No; I never saw one.

*Tom.* They feed upon common ants, flies, small grasshoppers, and other active insects; but as they themselves are clumsy and inactive, they would never be able to catch one in the ordinary way. They dig a hole in fine sand, in the form of a steep funnel: to do this, they sink themselves until they are covered with sand, and then by a peculiar motion of the back, throw out to some distance the sand that is above

them ; and so, throwing a little at a time, they succeed in digging a funnel-shaped hole, an inch or more deep. At the bottom they bury themselves, all but their pincer-shaped mouths, and wait patiently for their prey. As soon as an ant or other small insect appears on the edge of the hole, they throw upon it a shower of sand, which causes it to slip and fall to the bottom, where it is seized, dragged beneath the surface, and devoured.

*Little-John.* Oh ! Uncle Tom, how I should like always to hear of such strange things !

*Tom.* You would experience yet more pleasure, my boy, in acquiring all this information by yourself, which you may readily do with a little perseverance and patience. You will thus at each step discover wonders that will speak to you, like the sun and the stars, of God's infinite power and wisdom.

*Little-John.* But how can one learn all these things all alone ?

*Tom.* All that is necessary is to have a firm will, and to take the trouble. No doubt you must profit as much as you can by the lessons and advice of others ; but even should you receive no lessons, it would be no reason for remaining in ignorance all your life. That which we acquire by our own efforts we always know best, and there is infinitely more enjoyment in the acquisition. Persuade yourself, my dear boy, that with a firm determination and obstinate industry, a resolute man may arrive at every thing. We have

time enough, and I will tell you the history of a poor boy, who attained great eminence, and did a great deal of good to his country and to mankind, and who achieved greatness entirely through his own exertions.

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

### HISTORY OF FRANKLIN.



“ You remember when we were talking about electricity, I told you that the lightning-rod, that saved so many lives, was invented by Franklin. Well, Frank-

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lin was born a great many years ago, in the year 1706, in Boston. While he was yet a very small boy, his parents thought that he showed more talents than children usually possess at his age, and determined to give him a first-rate education, in order that he might become a clergyman. Unfortunately his parents were poor, and at the end of a year they found the expense of educating their son too heavy for them, and they had to forego their cherished wish of seeing him one day an eminent preacher. The boy was brought home, and put to his father's trade, (that of a tallow-chandler;) but melting tallow and cutting candlewicks suited neither his health nor his mind, and becoming dissatisfied he determined to go to sea. This design his parents strongly opposed, as they had already lost a son at sea; they permitted him, however, to change his occupation, and to choose one more congenial to his tastes.

“ His great fondness for books induced him to select the business of a printer, and accordingly he became an apprentice to his brother, who at that time printed a newspaper in Boston. Franklin, now twelve years of age, soon mastered the mechanical part of his profession. His thirst for knowledge growing upon him, he employed every hour that could be spared from his duties in gratifying it. As his mind expanded, and became stored with knowledge, he aimed at greater things: instead of reading and printing the works of others, he was now ambitious to write and

print works of his own ; and a few pieces that he published without a name in his brother's paper, by their success encouraged him to persevere. Franklin's brother was a harsh and severe man, and used him so roughly, that after enduring it as long as he could, he resolved to leave him.

" He went first to New York, where failing to get employment, he went to Philadelphia. Here there were at that time but two printing-offices. He fortunately succeeded in getting employment in one of them as a compositor. Here he was, then, four hundred miles from home, but seventeen years of age, and without friends or acquaintance ; but having by his industry acquired the art of a printer, he was enabled to gain an honest livelihood in an honorable way. In Philadelphia he was not long in acquiring the good-will and confidence of all his acquaintance. In a short time he was induced to set up a printing-office of his own ; and, as a preliminary step, he had to go to London, in England. But here, too, deceived by the representations of friends at home, he met with disappointment, and found himself in a foreign city, utterly penniless. But a strong mind bore him up superior to adversity ; instead of giving himself up to despair, he struggled manfully for an honest livelihood, and succeeded in getting employment as a journeyman printer. While in England, he excited the admiration of his own countrymen and the English, by his acute and manly replies to the questions of a browbeating and

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tyrannical parliamentary committee. After remaining for some months in Europe, he returned to Philadelphia, where, soon after, he made his immortal discoveries in the science of electricity. From this moment he rose rapidly in reputation ; his fame, no longer confined to his own land, spread over the earth as far as commerce and letters penetrated. When came the great struggle for American independence, no man contributed more than he to the successful result. He lived to the patriarchal age of eighty-four, and died lamented by his countrymen and the civilized world."

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

### DEATH OF MARGARET.

EACH day, Margaret was growing older and more feeble ; she had already passed a whole winter without being able to work. Louisa and Little-John had watched over and nursed her with the greatest care and affection ; and they were so fortunate as to earn enough to support their good old grandmother as she had supported them in their infancy ; and they derived energy from the thought, that they could now return to their mother a part of the care that she had bestowed upon them. They labored with zeal ; and as they did

more work than others, and as their work was better done, they were employed in preference, and better paid.

Margaret, touched by the tender affection of her children, loaded them with blessings. "My life has often been very painful," she would say—"I have seen die off, one after another, all those that I loved, and I have shed many tears; but God has given me two grandchildren to soothe the decline of my life. I have now but one thought, and it is for your happiness. If I often tell you to be industrious, and to walk in the paths of honesty and virtue, it is because I know that they alone lead to happiness."

She employed all her remaining strength in giving them good advice. She would say to John, "Do not forget, my child, what I have always told you about bad company; avoid the company of the idle—of liars—of those who swear and are fond of drink, as you would the greatest evil. Be abstemious in your diet, frugal in your habits, and your health and purse will be the better for it. Seek constantly to add to your knowledge, and be grateful to your teachers. Love and protect your sister. Be kind to every one, and be always faithful to your God. Remember your old grandmother, who, when she is gone, will not cease to love and to pray for you."

The good old woman would also say to Louisa: "My daughter, you will be happy—at least, as happy as any one can be in this world—if you follow the good

counsels that I have given you. Let industry, order, and cleanliness, reign around you; be mild, patient, and always ready to oblige; be not indiscreet; speak ill of no one; never meddle in other people's affairs, or in the scandal of your neighborhood; put a watch upon your tongue, and never open your mouth unless it be to say something useful or obliging. Pray often to God; for it is from him that strength and courage come;—and in all the actions of your life, strive to forget yourself in seeking the good of others."

One day Margaret having talked to her children longer than usual, she became very much fatigued. She requested John to draw her great armchair to the cottage door, for she could not walk. It was towards the close of a summer's day. Little-John placed the armchair under an old elm near the door. The poor old woman felt herself warmed once more by the pleasant rays of the setting sun. She heard once more the tinkle of the bells, and the bleating of the flocks returning to the fold. She listened to the singing of the birds, but it was for the last time. When night came, John carried his grandmother into the house: Louisa trimmed the lamp, and took up her work.

"My daughter," said Margaret, "I should like to hear your sweet voice again; sing me a hymn." And Louisa sang, though with a heavy heart; for she saw that her grandmother was not well. When she had done, Margaret wished her to take the book and read the evening prayers. The good old woman, though

she could not get up, clasped her hands, and joined in prayer, without leaving her chair. After John and Louisa had gotten up, she remained silent for a long time ; then she sighed, and said : “ My children, I feel myself going ; draw near, and let me embrace you once more ; for I surely shall not see to-morrow.” The two children threw themselves sobbing at her feet. Then she laid her hands upon their heads, saying : “ My dearest children, I bless you ; I thank you for the consolation that you have afforded me, and for the soothing care that you have bestowed upon my old age. I pray to God to reward, to bless, and to keep you both virtuous and good. Always love each other, my dearest chil—” and her hand fell upon Louisa’s. The two children seized and covered it with tears and kisses. Poor Margaret did not live to see the morrow.

The whole village mourned for her. She was buried in the churchyard, under the old willow, in the very spot where, fifteen years before, Louisa found Little-John.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## CONCLUSION.

LOUISA and John were obliged to seek employment at a neighboring farmer's. They had much to endure, for the farmer's wife had a violent temper. She was continually finding fault, whipping her children ; and made her husband very unhappy. But she herself was more to be pitied than others, for she had no friends. Louisa and John saw how detestable a vice ill-temper was ; and that those who gave way to it were a misery to themselves, and a torment to others. Louisa remembered what Margaret had told her about gentleness, which is woman's greatest charm ; and she determined always to be gentle and good. When the farmer's wife spoke to her in anger, she took care, in her replies, not to increase her irritation. She remembered a saying of a wise man, that she had often heard her grandmother repeat : " Avoid disputes, and you will cut the root of many sins." She knew, however, how to obey and respect her masters, whatever were their defects ; and when the ill treatment of her mistress made her heart sad, she went to John, and they condoled with each other. They had, besides, good old Uncle Tom to go to for consolation and encouragement.

When John reached his twentieth year, the long-

pending misunderstanding between this country and England finally broke out into open war. The excitement throughout the country was, of course, intense; and the policy of the war was a constant subject of discussion among all classes of people. John took the first opportunity to consult his old friend Tom on the subject, asking him how it could be that some were for, and others violently opposed to the war. The old man replied to him: "My boy, it is sufficient for you to know that your country is in danger, and calls upon her children for aid. War exists; it is too late now to ask why, or how. You, I am sure, are ready to shoulder your musket and march. We can always express our opinions of the measures of the government, through the ballot-box, in a way to compel them to be respected. Those who have the fewest domestic ties, have the least excuse for remaining at home. You are among these. Your path is plain, and you will march in it, I am sure, like a good and brave citizen."

The next day John had enlisted for five years. Louisa was distressed at parting with him, but did not attempt to dissuade him from what he thought his duty.

John served in the infantry. He had not long joined his regiment, before his fine, open countenance, his constant good-humor, and obliging disposition, had made friends for him on all sides. It happened that the colonel of the regiment had occasion for a private who had some education. John was recommended.

It turned out that the colonel was the very gentleman that had been thrown from his horse, and that John had carried the water to. He struck John on the shoulder, saying : " You were a good boy, and appear to be a fine young man. Conduct yourself well, and I will be of service to you." And, indeed, John behaved so well, that he was rapidly promoted, and soon became a sergeant.

In the first battle that John was engaged in, when he heard the rattling of the musketry in front of him, he felt his heart beat. He was accustomed to the discharge of firearms, but the whistling of the balls made him uneasy. When, however, he saw fall by his side one of his comrades, an old schoolfellow, who had enlisted at the same time with himself, uneasiness gave way to anger, and he became impatient for the signal to charge.

At last the colonel gave the word. The enemy are in retreat. John is among the foremost in pursuit. He wishes to revenge the death of his friend, and is dashing on, without feeling the weight of his knapsack and arms, when he hears a shout behind him : " Help ! help ! Here, sergeant !" He turns, and sees his colonel, thrown from his horse, down upon one knee, and his sword broken. Six Indians, concealed in a thicket, had fired at and wounded him. He had killed one, who, thinking him dead, had rushed out to scalp him ; but the five others were now charging on him. John flew to the rescue, and handled his bayonet so well,

that in an instant he knocked out the eye of one, and ran another through the body. The colonel, finding one of his pistols still loaded, shot down a third. The two turned and fled, and John brought down another with his gun.

Two days after, the troops were reviewed. John was ordered to step to the front, and was thanked in the presence of the whole army, for his bravery in saving his colonel's life.

John's term of service was about expiring. The colonel sent for him, and said: "You brought me assistance when I lay wounded and fainting in the public road; and recently you saved my life. These are things not to be forgotten. If you will consent to remain in the service, I will pledge myself to get you a lieutenant's commission in three months; and it will not be my fault if you do not one day become a colonel." Little-John blushed, and remained a moment silent with embarrassment. Then he replied, with emotion: "I thank you, colonel, with all my heart, and I will never forget your kindness. If I were alone in the world, I would gratefully accept your offer. But I have, at home, a sister that requires my protection, and an old friend that looks upon me as his son. Now, that I have paid my debt to the country, in fighting my best, I prefer returning home to my friends and acquaintances, to the plough and spade; and to see again, every Sunday, beneath the willow-tree, my grandmother's tomb." "Go, then," said the colonel,

squeezing his hand ; " yours is a noble heart. Do you not forget me ; I will not fail to remember you."

John returned joyously to his home. Old Tom was yet alive, and assembled all the boys to give him three cheers as he entered the village. Louisa could scarcely recognise him with his uniform, sunburnt face, and moustache. She had married an industrious mechanic, and John took great delight in riding her two beautiful little children on his knee.

As everybody knew of John's honesty and industry he was never out of work. When he had laid by enough, and was certain that he could undertake to support a family, he addressed one of the grand-daughters of old Annette, at the burnt-house. She was poor, but he had remarked her when she was a little child, the first time that Uncle Tom had taken him there. Her name was Mary. He had observed that she was always cheerful, obliging, and industrious ; and, although he had said nothing about it to the colonel, the memory of this amiable girl might very well have been one of the reasons for his return home. Old Annette was delighted with the match. The wedding-day was fixed, and though very happy, John soon had cause to be more so. A neighboring landholder agreed to rent him a small farm in the neighborhood. There was a small but excellent house upon it, the outbuildings in perfect repair, and the land first-rate. He was to take possession on his wedding-day ; so that after the ceremony, which took place at

the burnt-house, he and his pretty wife returned joyously to their new dwelling. He was much astonished as he entered to find a gentleman there waiting for him. It was the colonel; who, pressing his hand affectionately, said: "As I was passing through here last month, I learned that you were to be married. I wished to bring you a wedding present. I have a right to do so, as I shall always be your debtor. This morning, during your absence, I had the closets supplied with house linen. I have put in the cellar and elsewhere all the supplies that you will need for a year; and in the stable you will find two cows and two horses. And here is something," added he, as he handed John a packet, "that you must not open until to-morrow. I hope it will please you; and now, good-by—remember me should you ever want a friend,"—and the colonel was off without waiting for thanks.

John and his wife were very curious to know what was in the paper, and they were overjoyed on opening it the next day to find themselves the owners of the farm instead of being the tenants. The colonel had bought and paid for every thing in their name. John was a good farmer, beloved by his family, esteemed and respected by his neighbors. He had several children, that he brought up in the fear of God, and in the love and practice of every virtue. Every thing around him was peaceful and happy. Old Uncle Tom survived long enough to aid him with his good counsel, and to become as beloved by his children as he was

by their father. Louisa continued to inhabit the cottage in which John had been brought up. Industry, order, cleanliness, and peace always reigned within it; and for many a year the poor as they passed the village could always find shelter and bread beneath the roof of good old Margaret's cottage.



THE END.







G. Elliott Hamilton  
from his brother  
John  
Columbia L.L.

